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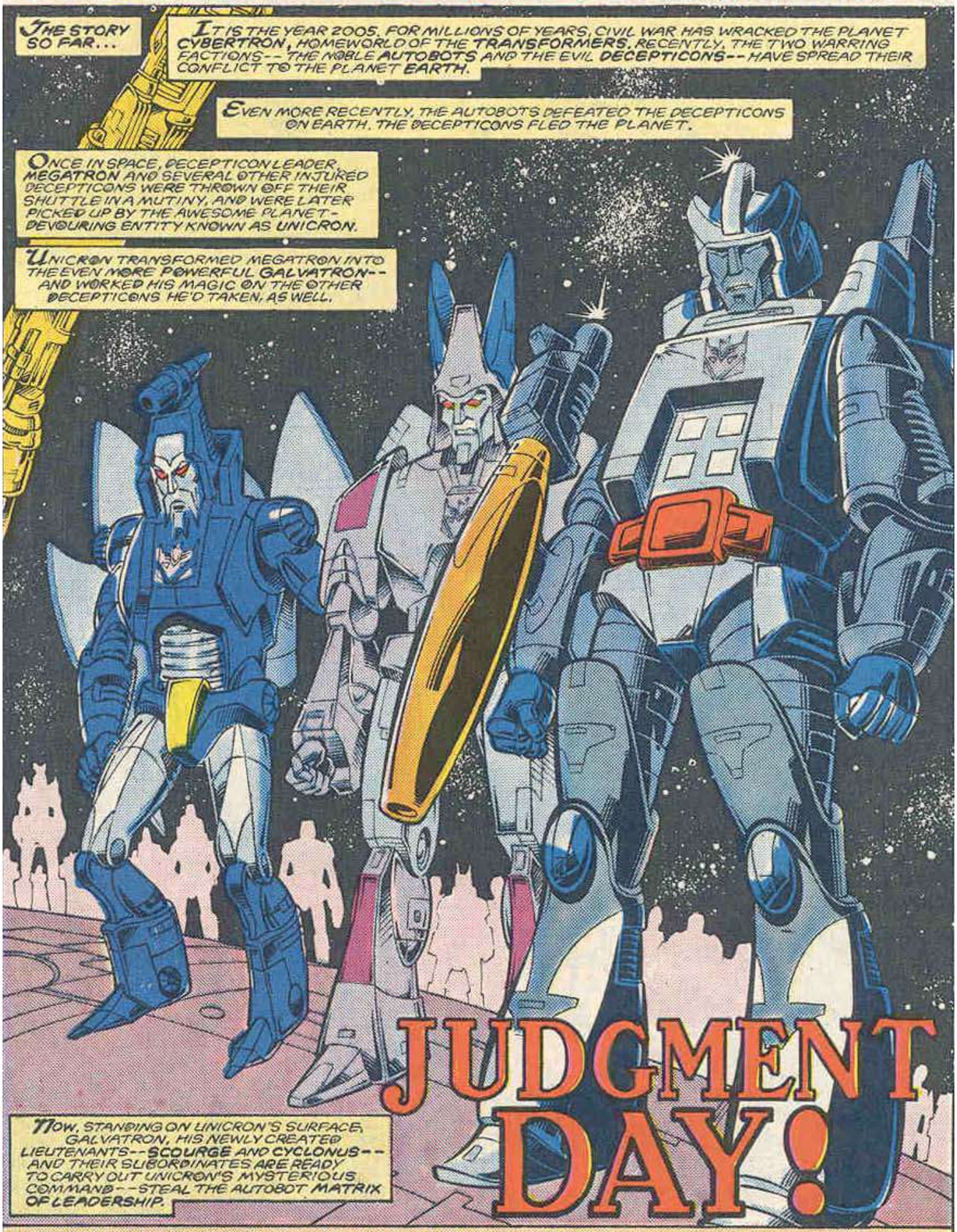
TRANSFORMERS™ THE MOVIE



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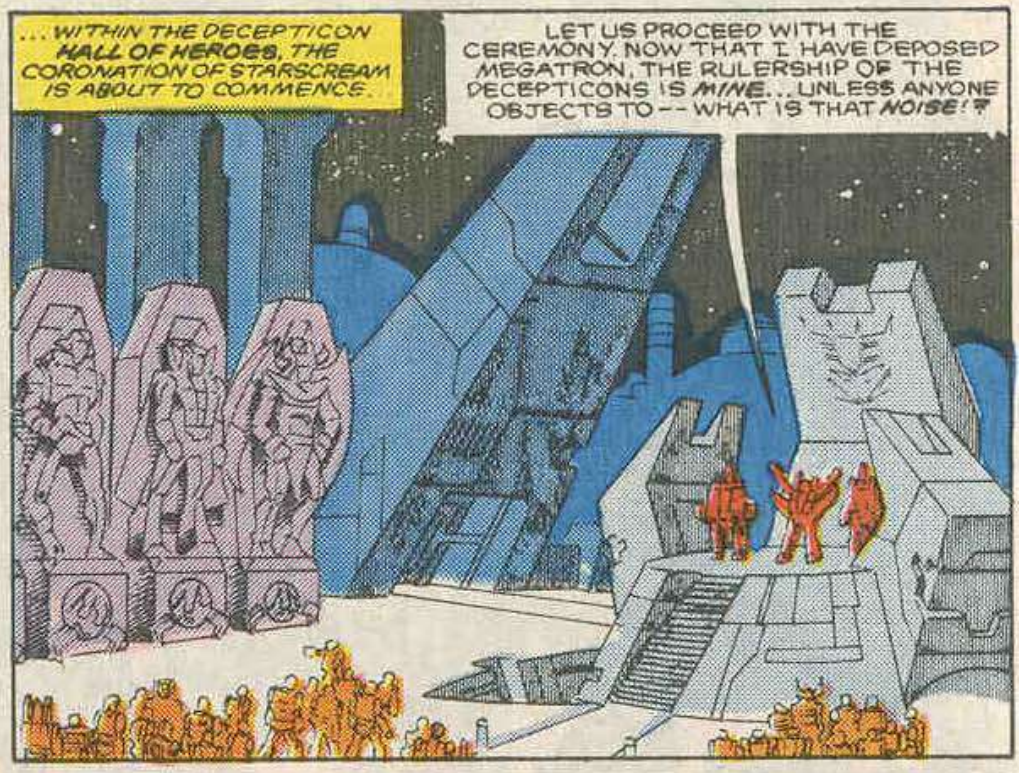
THE MIGHTY GALVATRON GIVES AN ORDER TO CYCLONUS WHO INSTANTLY CHANGES INTO A TRANSPORT VEHICLE.

BEFORE I CLAIM THE AUTOBOT MATRIX, THERE IS A MATTER THAT DEMANDS MY CONCERN... STARSCREAM.

MEANWHILE, ON THE TRANSFORMERS' HOME PLANET OF CYBERTRON...


...WITHIN THE DECEPTICON HALL OF HEROES, THE CORONATION OF STARSCREAM IS ABOUT TO COMMENCE.
LET US PROCEED WITH THE CEREMONY. NOW THAT I HAVE DEPOSED MEGATRON, THE RULERSHIP OF THE DECEPTICONS IS MINE... UNLESS ANYONE OBJECTS TO -- WHAT IS THAT NOISE!?

WHO DARES INTERRUPT MY CORONATION?

I DO, STARSCREAM! I--WHO WAS MEGATRON... AND NOW HAVE BECOME GALVATRON!

YOU HAVE ATTEMPTED TO TAKE MY PLACE AS RULER. YOU THREW ME INTO SPACE AFTER MY INJURY IN OUR RECENT BATTLE IN AUTOBOT CITY ON EARTH... BELIEVING I WOULD DIE.

BUT I DID NOT! I WAS TRANSFORMED BY UNICRON INTO THE BEING YOU SEE BEFORE YOU!

AND I HAVE THE POWER TO DESTROY YOU UTTERLY--USURPER!

BWAAMMM!

SKRMMB!

AND, AFTER GALVATRON HAS TRANSFORMED BACK TO HIS ROBOT MODE...

NOW DOES ANYONE ELSE DOUBT THE POWER OF GALVATRON? WILL ANYONE ELSE CHALLENGE ME?

ALL HAIL GALVATRON! RULER OF THE DECEPTICONS! ALL HAIL!

ELSEWHERE IN THE VASTNESS OF SPACE, THE MIGHTY PLANET-DESTROYER UNICRON APPROACHES THE FIRST MOON OF CYBERTRON.

ON THE SURFACE OF THE MOON, WHICH HAS BECOME AN OUTPOST FOR THE AUTOBOTS SINCE THEIR LOSS OF CYBERTRON TO THE DECEPTICONS, STAND AUTOBOTS JAZZ AND CLIFFJUMPER.

I DON'T KNOW WHERE THAT THING CAME FROM, JAZZ, BUT I SUGGEST YOU CONTACT AUTOBOT CITY ON EARTH AND FILL THEM IN.

TALK TO ME, EARTH! WE GOT A SITUATION OUT HERE!

IN AUTOBOT CITY, ON EARTH, AUTOBOT LEADER ULTRA MAGNUS SUPERVISES THE BUILDING OF TWO HUGE SHUTTLES.

NOW THAT OUR CITY HAS BEEN LARGELY REBUILT AFTER THE RECENT DECEPTICON ATTACK, I MAY TURN MY ATTENTION TO--

HELLO, EARTH! THIS IS JAZZ--A GI-NORMOUS, WEIRD-LOOKIN' PLANET JUST SHOWED UP IN THE SUBURBS OF CYBERTRON, AND IT'S ATTACKING...

GOT TO BLAST FREE IF WE CAN--OR WE'RE FINISHED.

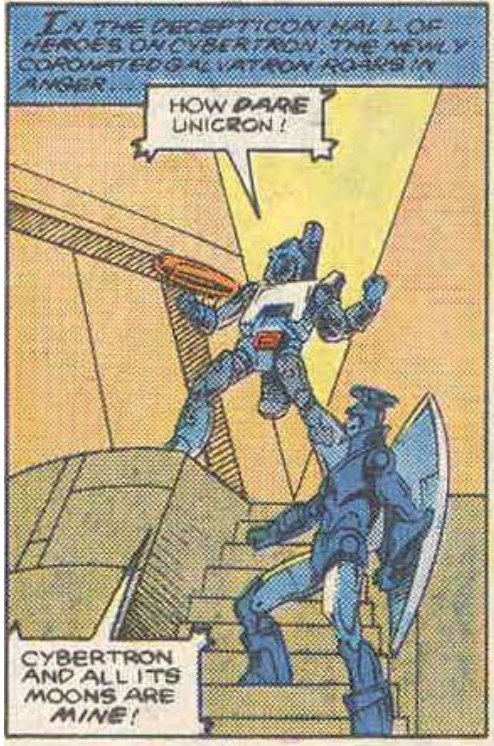
QUICKLY! GET INSIDE! THE WHOLE MOON'S BREAKING UP!

CLIFFJUMPER--WE'VE MADE IT! WE'RE GETTING AWAY!

WHROOOOM!

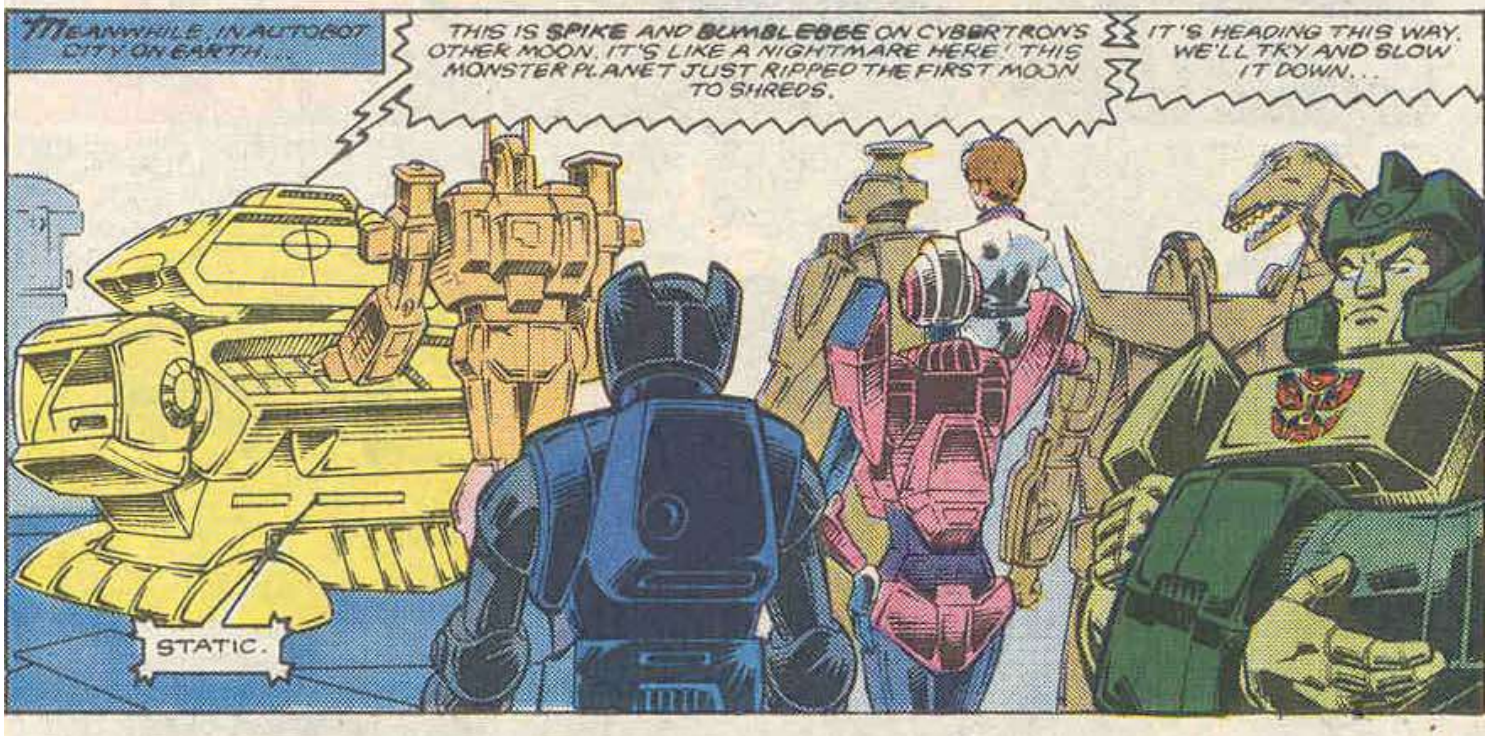
BUT, FOR THE TWO AUTOBOTS AND FOR THE CYBERTRON MOON ITSELF, THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM THE ALL-DEVOURING MAW OF THE MAMMOTH UNICRON.

WITHIN MOMENTS THE PLANET IS BROKEN APART AND TOTALLY CONSUMED.


IN THE DECEPTICON HALL OF HEROES ON CYBERTRON, THE NEWLY CORONATED GALVATRON ROARS IN ANGER...
HOW DARE UNICRON!
CYBERTRON AND ALL ITS MOONS ARE MINE!

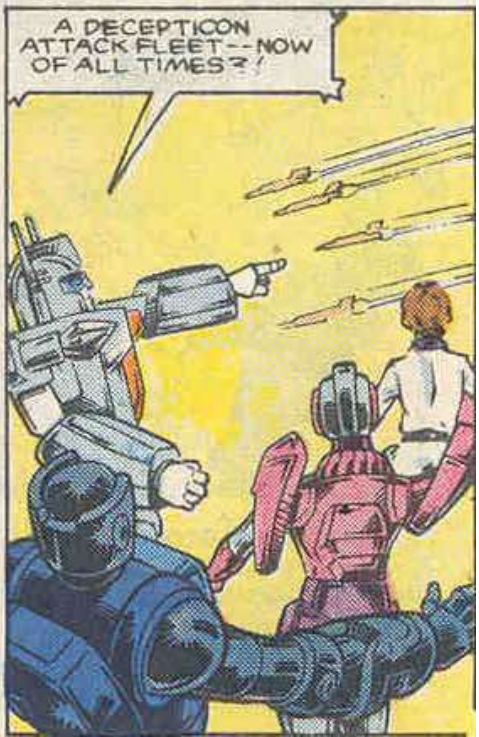
BUT REMEMBER WE BELONG TO HIM!
I BELONG TO NOBODY, SCOURGE!

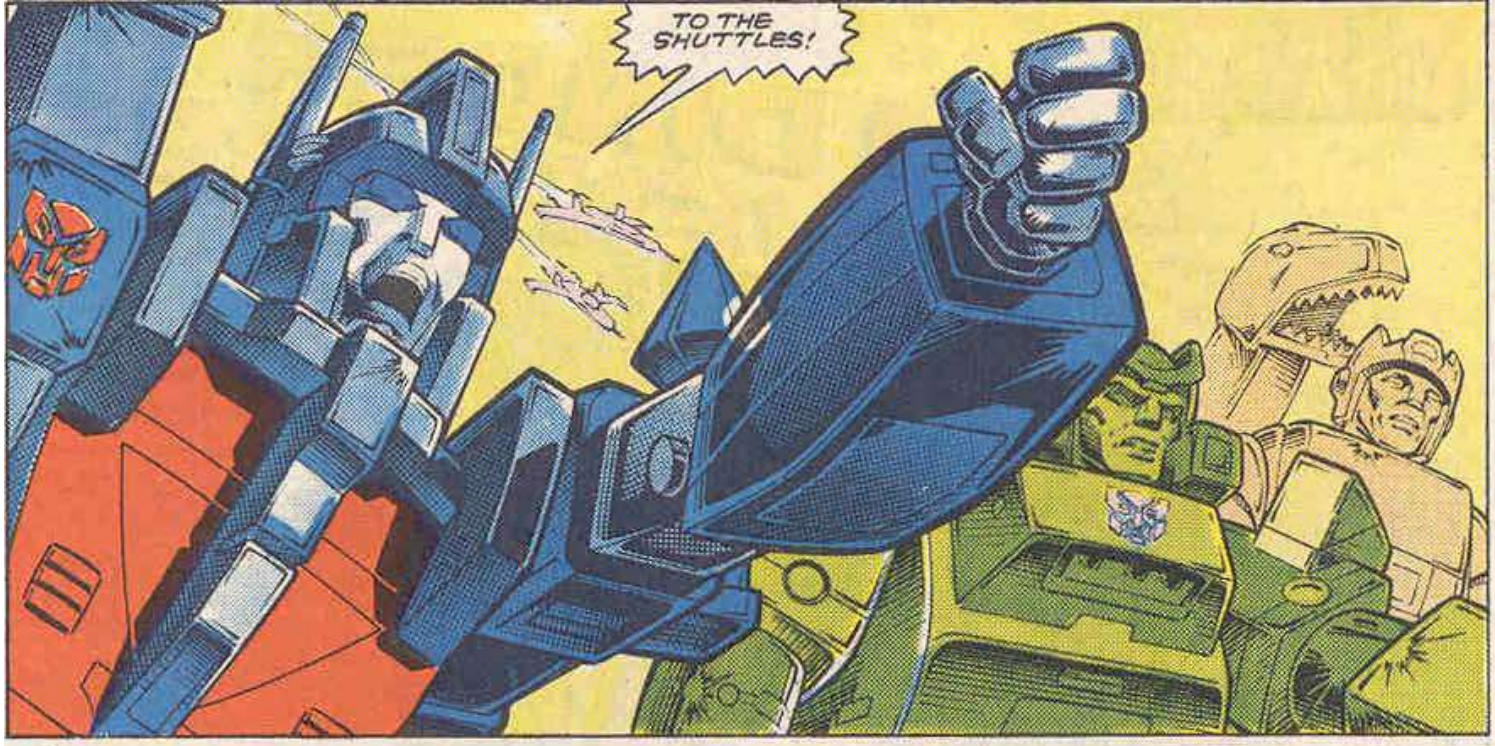
SUDDENLY, GALVATRON WRITHES IN PAIN AS UNICRON FORCIBLY ESTABLISHES HIS CONTROL OVER THE DECEPTICON LEADER.
UGH! YES... I WILL... OBEY... UNICRON.
DECEPTICONS TO EARTH.

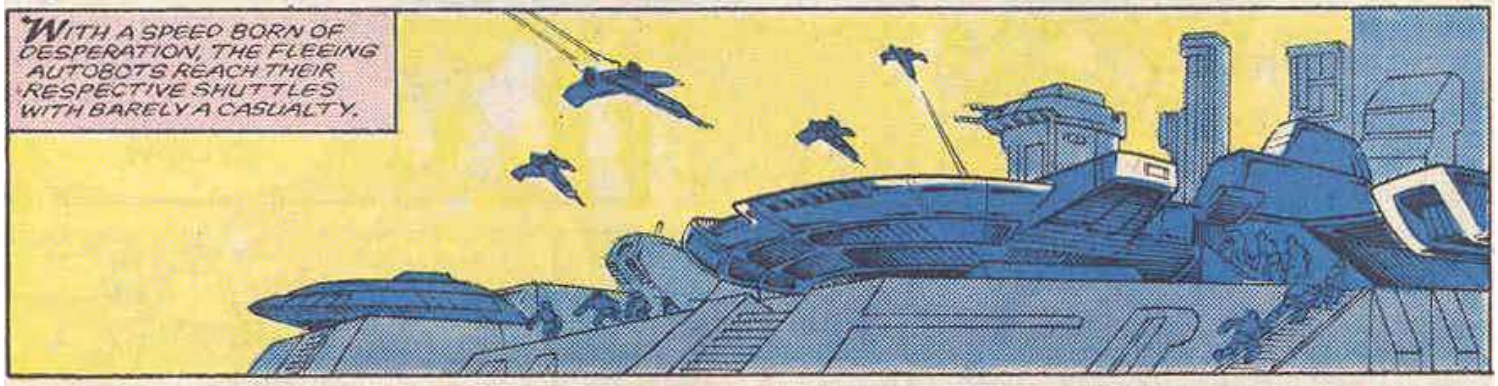

MEANWHILE, IN AUTOBOT CITY ON EARTH...
THIS IS SPIKE AND BUMBLEBEE ON CYBERTRON'S OTHER MOON. IT'S LIKE A NIGHTMARE HERE! THIS MONSTER PLANET JUST RIPPED THE FIRST MOON TO SHREDS.
IT'S HEADING THIS WAY. WE'LL TRY AND SLOW IT DOWN...
STATIC.

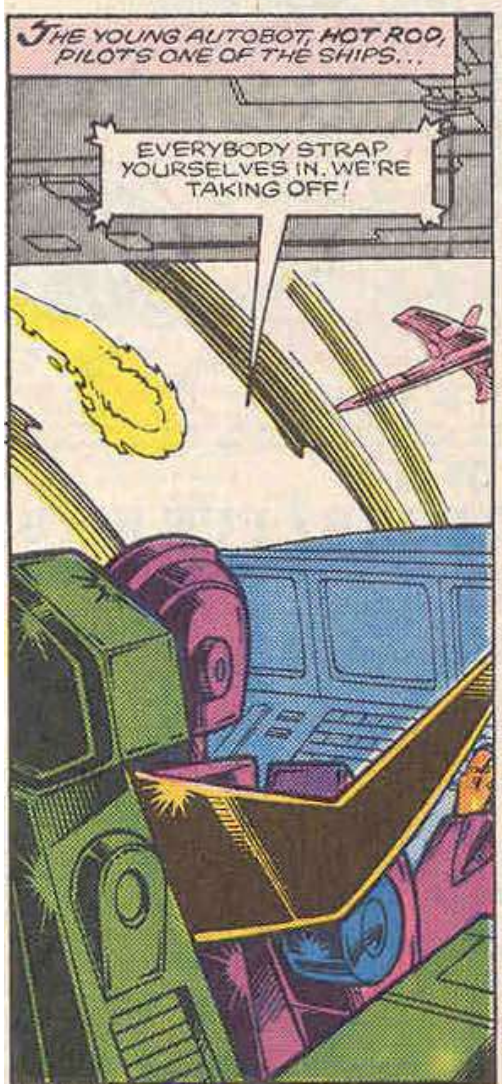
AUTOBOTS, PREPARE TO BOARD THE SHUTTLES. THIS NEW MENACE IS MORE DANGEROUS THAN ALL THE DECEPTICONS PUT TOGETHER. WE MUST DESTROY IT BEFORE IT DEVOURS CYBERTRON--OUR ONCE-HOME PLANET...
...BEFORE THE DECEPTICONS DROVE US FROM IT.

ULTRA MAGNUS, WHAT ABOUT MY DAD? HE'S ON THAT MOON UP THERE!
DANIEL, WE'LL DO EVERYTHING WE CAN FOR YOUR FATHER, SPIKE. PERHAPS THE MATRIX OF LEADERSHIP CAN STOP IT.


A DECEPTICON ATTACK FLEET--NOW OF ALL TIMES?!


TO THE SHUTTLES!

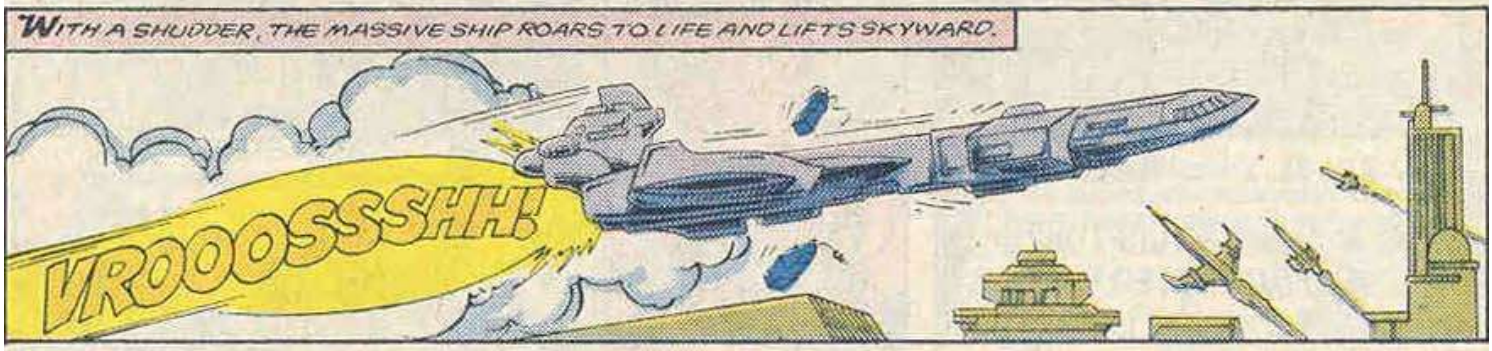

WITH A SPEED BORN OF DESPERATION, THE FLEEING AUTOBOTS REACH THEIR RESPECTIVE SHUTTLES WITH BARELY A CASUALTY.

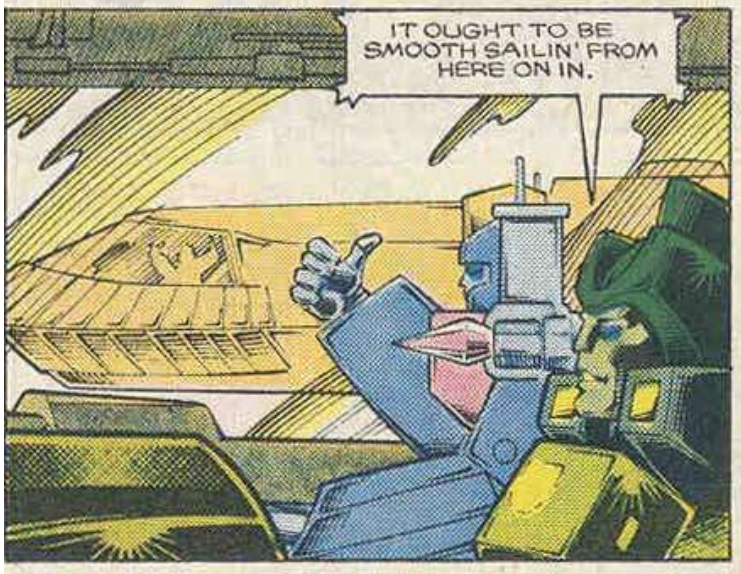

THE YOUNG AUTOBOT, HOT ROD, PILOTS ONE OF THE SHIPS...
EVERYBODY STRAP YOURSELVES IN. WE'RE TAKING OFF!

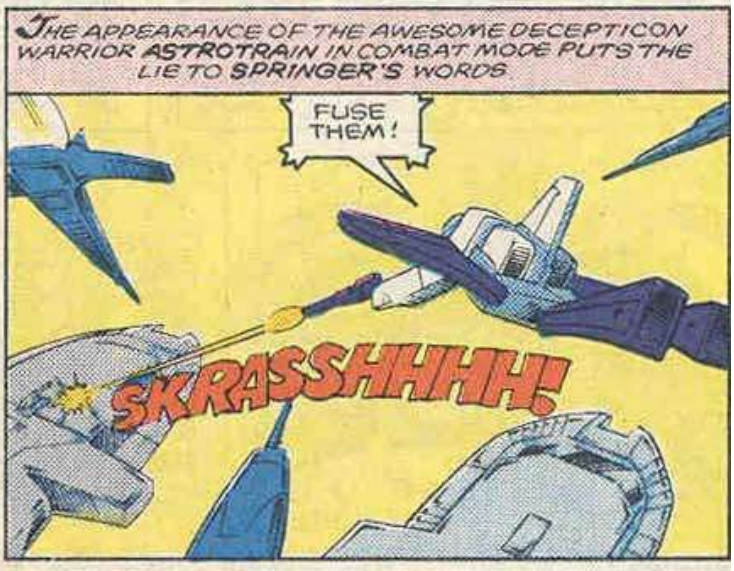
NO TIME TO CHECK THE CONTROLS, KUP! WE'RE OFF--NOW!

INSTANTLY, RESPONDING TO HOT ROD'S DEFT TOUCH, THE HUGE SHUTTLE LIFTS OFF EARTH--FOR SPACE ITSELF.
WROOSSH

AND, IN ANOTHER SHUTTLE...
NO TIME TO HEAT UP. CAN THIS SHIP TAKE IT, PERCEPTOR?
WITH AN ACCELERATED IGNITION PROCEDURE, THE CERAMIC HOUSING MIGHT CREATE A MAGNETIC FLUX, ULTRA MAGNUS.
WHAT?
HE SAYS GO FOR IT!


WITH A SHUDDER, THE MASSIVE SHIP ROARS TO LIFE AND LIFTS SKYWARD.
VROOOSSSHH!


IT OUGHT TO BE SMOOTH SAILIN' FROM HERE ON IN.


THE APPEARANCE OF THE AWESOME DECEPTICON WARRIOR ASTROTRAIN IN COMBAT MODE PUTS THE LIE TO SPRINGER'S WORDS.
FUSE THEM!
SKRASSHHHH!

SPRINGER! REMEMBER WHAT WE DID OFF BETA POUR?
I REMEMBER IT WELL.

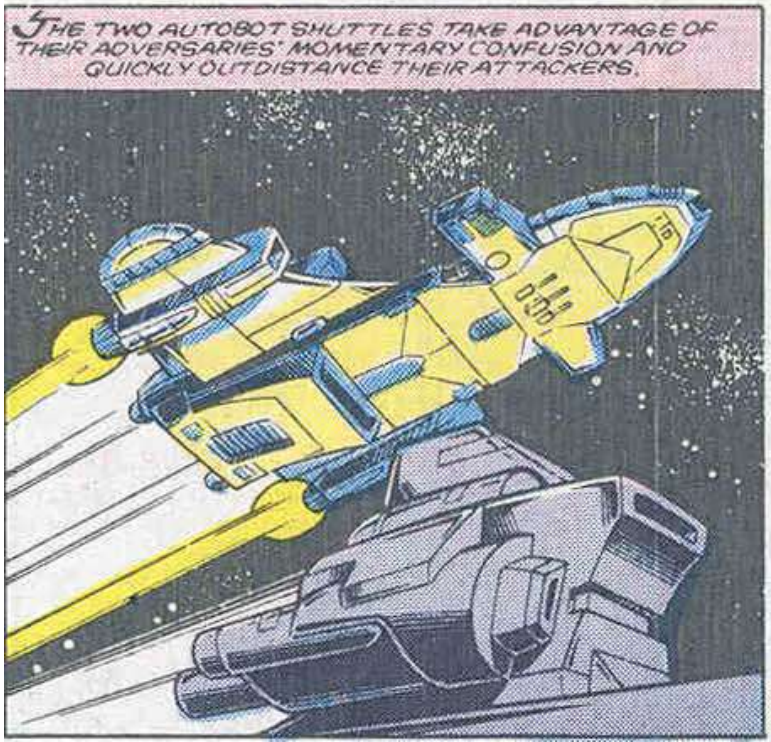
SKROOOMM

THE ASTEROID HALVES SHOOT THROUGH SPACE FROM THE FORCE OF THE RAY BLAST... STRIKING ANOTHER ASTEROID IN THEIR PATH...
WHRAKK!

AND EACH FRAGMENT IN TURN STRIKES ANOTHER ASTEROID... AND ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER

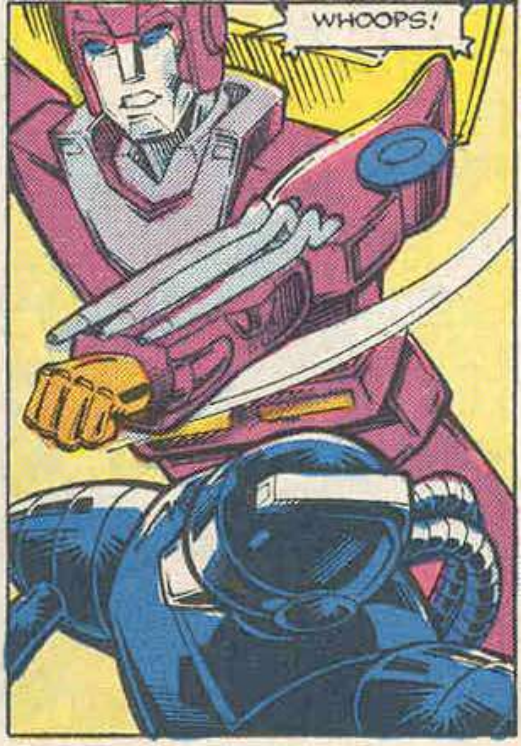
THE MANY PIECES OF SPACE DEBRIS ARE ANGLED BACK TOWARD CYCLONUS, GALVATRON'S SHIP, EXACTLY AS ULTRA MAGNUS HAD CALCULATED.

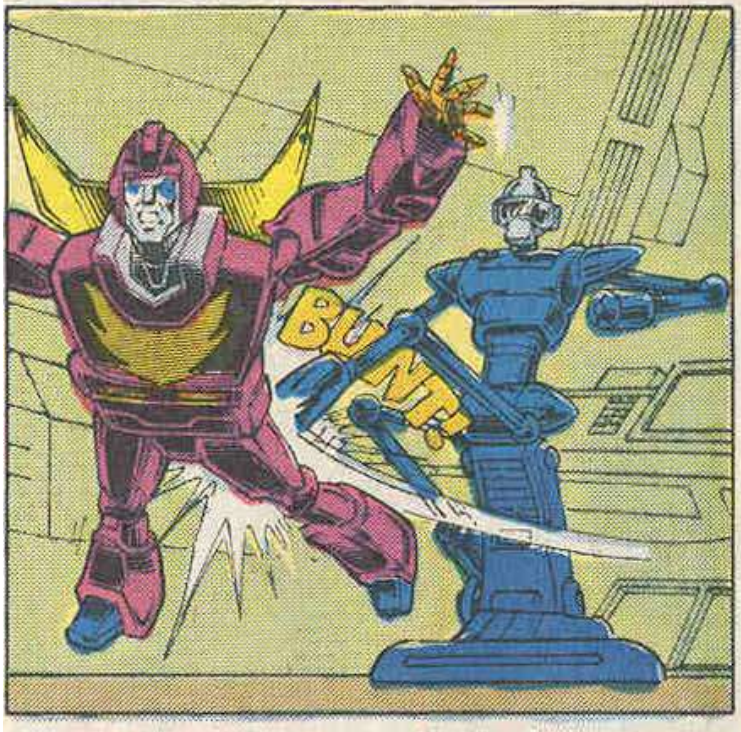
INSIDE THE GREAT SHIP CYCLONUS...
THE EXPLOSIONS JAMMED MY SENSORS. I HAVE LOST TRACK OF THE AUTOBOTS.
BLAST IT! THEY DID THE SAME THING TO ME OFF BETA FOUR.

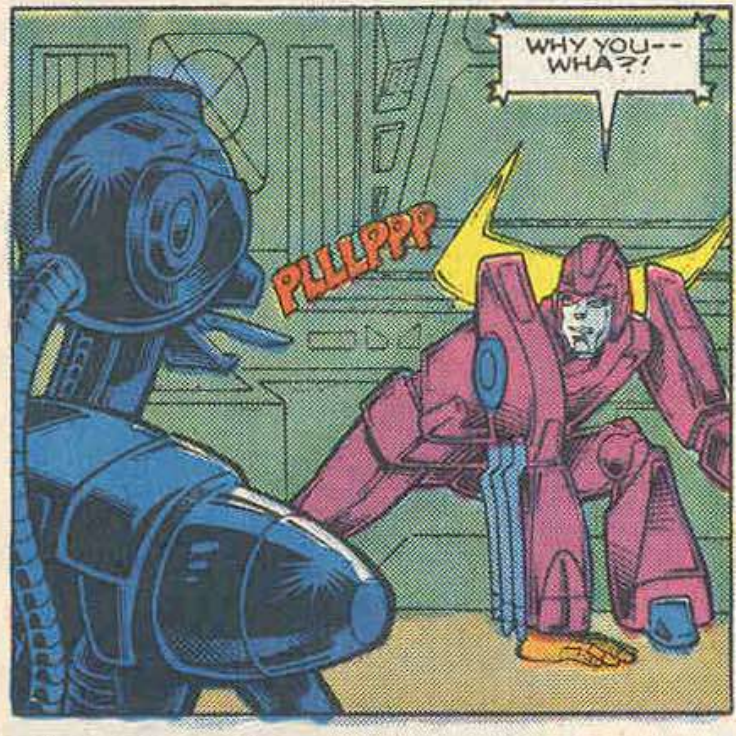

THE TWO AUTOBOT SHUTTLES TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THEIR ADVERSARIES' MOMENTARY CONFUSION AND QUICKLY OUTDISTANCE THEIR ATTACKERS.

CONGRATULATIONS, AUTOBOTS. WE'VE LOST THEM. REST WHILE YOU CAN. WE'LL HAVE OUR WORK CUT OUT FOR US WHEN WE REACH MOON BASE TWO.

ABOARD ONE OF THE SHUTTLES, HOT ROD WORKS OUT WITH AN AUTO-COMBATANT.
I MAY AS WELL GET SOME COMBAT PRACTICE IN WHILE WE'RE WAITING FOR THOSE DECEPTICON CRUMBS TO CATCH UP WITH US.

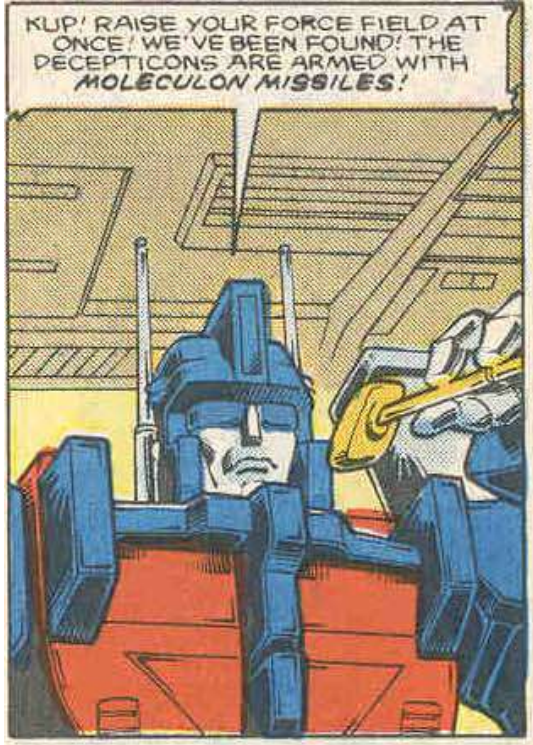

WHOOPS!


BUNT!

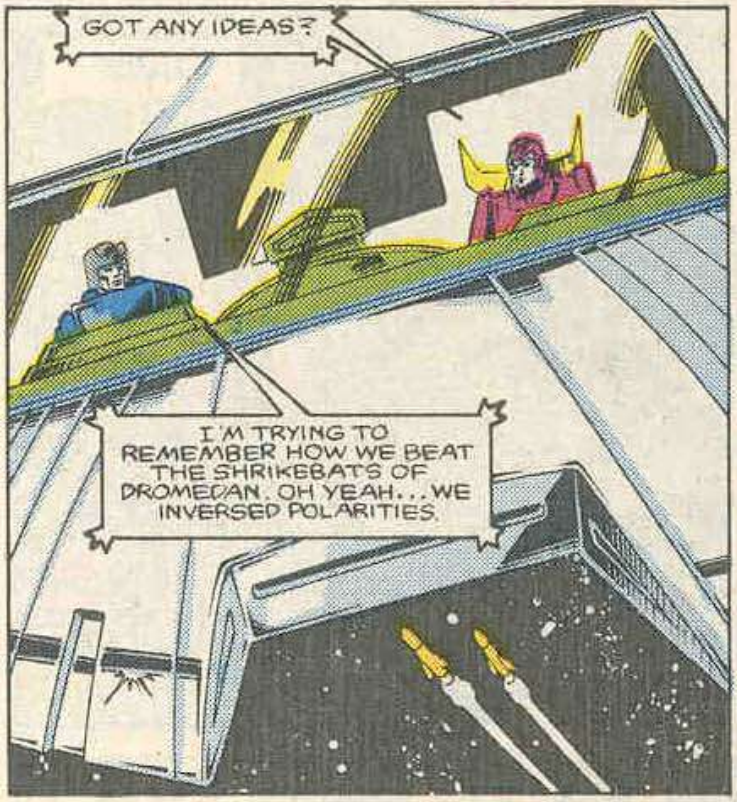

WHY YOU-- WHA?!
PLLLPPP

THE SHIP-- IT'S SHAKING!

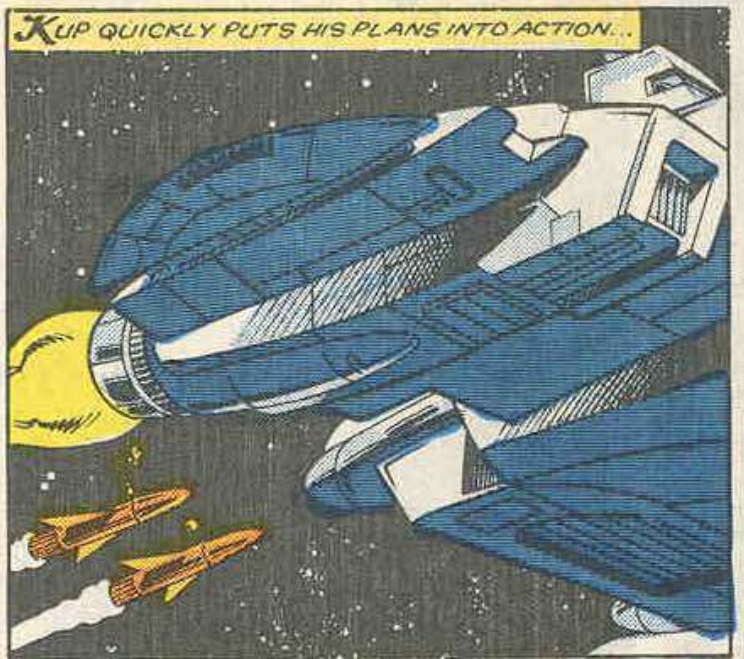
SSSPASSKK!

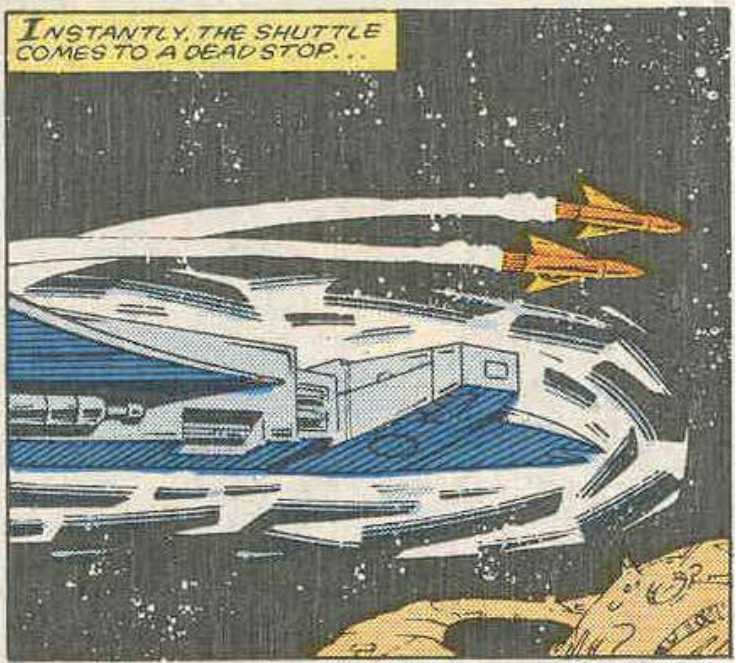

KUP! RAISE YOUR FORCE FIELD AT ONCE! WE'VE BEEN FOUND! THE DECEPTICONS ARE ARMED WITH MOLECULON MISSILES!

KUP INSTANTLY TAKES EVASIVE MANEUVERS WITH HIS SHUTTLE AS IT IS TRAILED BY DEVASTATING MOLECULON MISSILES.
VRROOOMMMM!


GOT ANY IDEAS?
I'M TRYING TO REMEMBER HOW WE BEAT THE SHRIKEBATS OF DROMEDAN. OH YEAH... WE INVERSED POLARITIES.

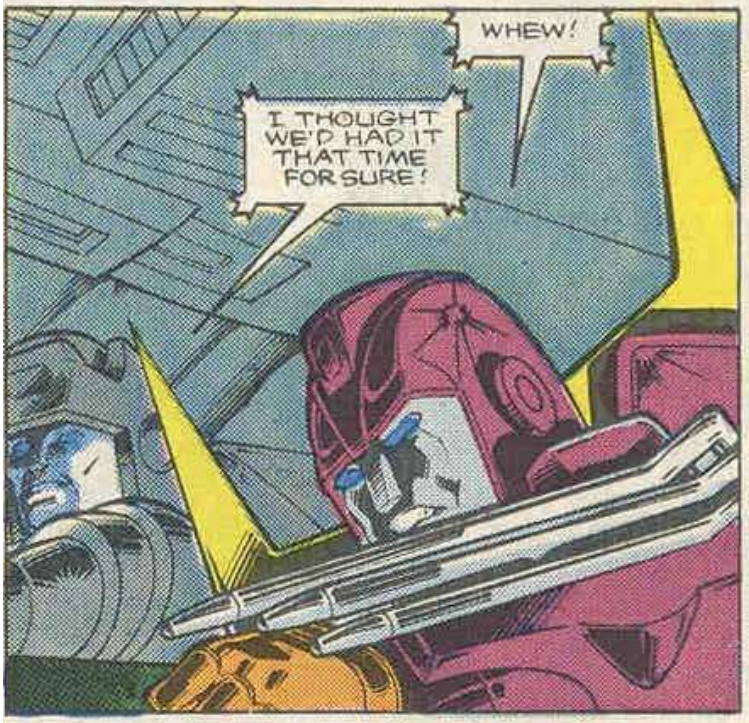
THAT'LL TEAR THE SHIP APART!
YOU GOT A BETTER IDEA?

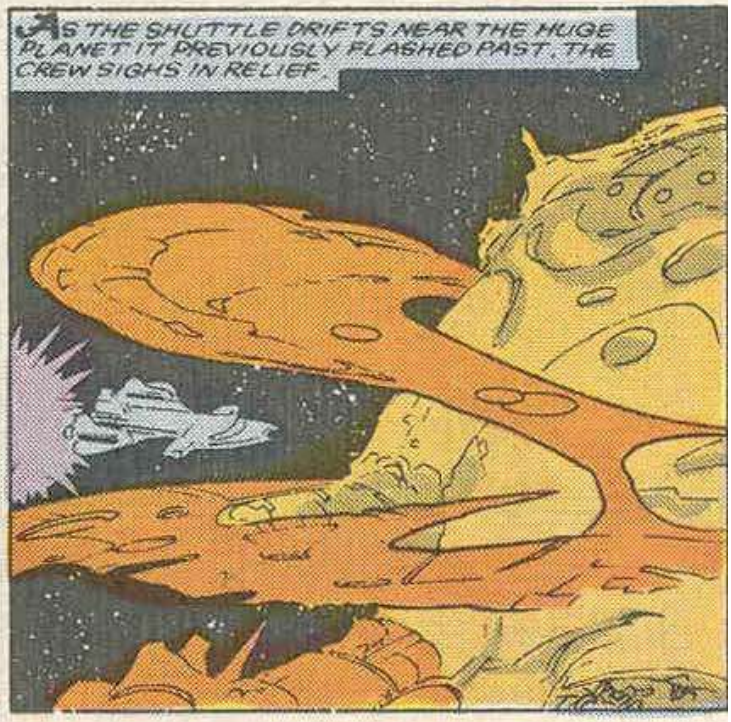

KUP QUICKLY PUTS HIS PLANS INTO ACTION...

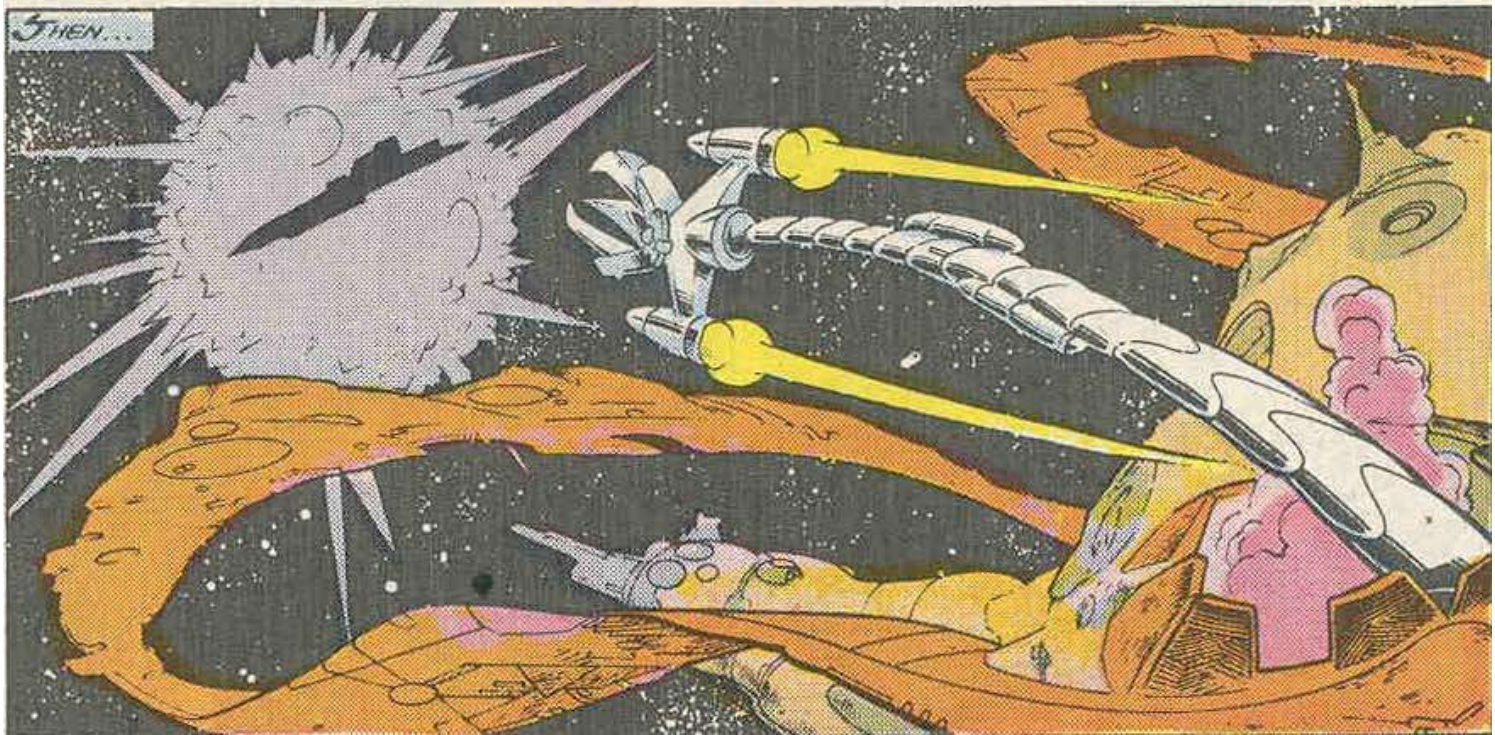

INSTANTLY, THE SHUTTLE COMES TO A DEAD STOP...

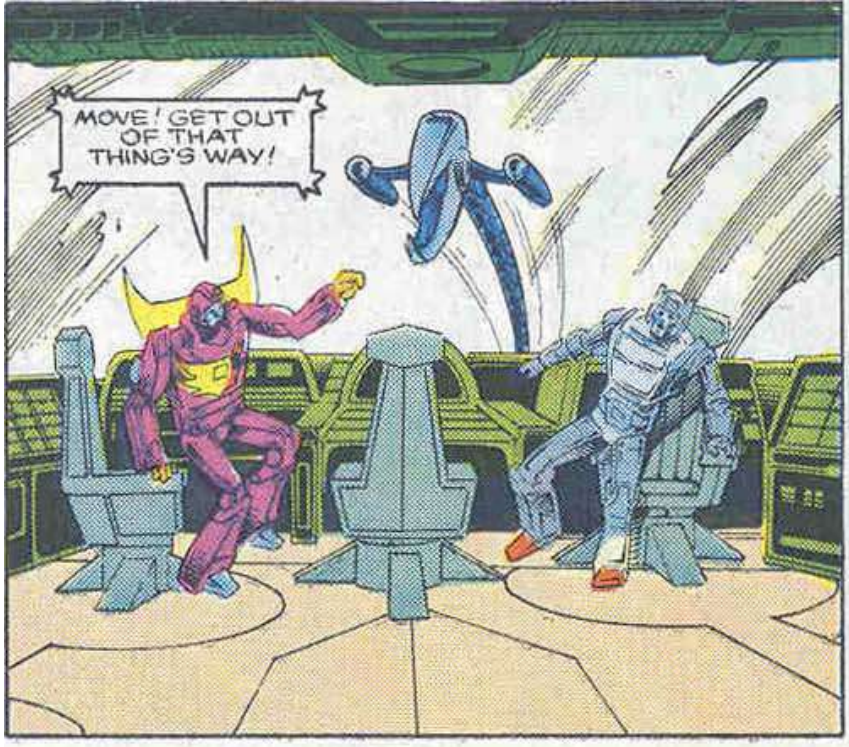
THEY'RE COMING BACK!
LET'S JUST HOPE WE'VE SCREWED UP THEIR POLARITIES.
SVROOOMMMMM!
SVROOOMMMMM!

SWRAMMMMM

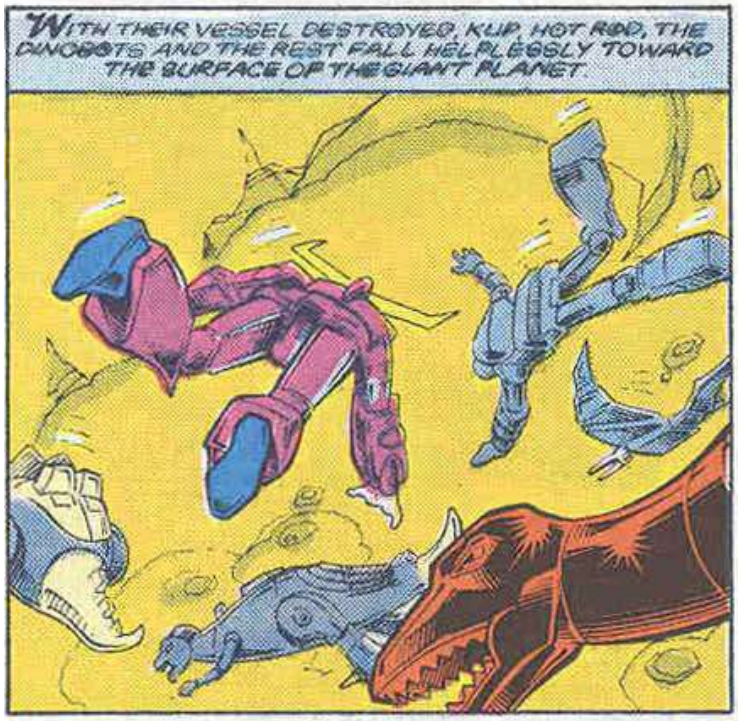

WHEW!
I THOUGHT WE'D HAD IT THAT TIME FOR SURE!


AS THE SHUTTLE DRIFTS NEAR THE HUGE PLANET IT PREVIOUSLY FLASHED PAST, THE CREW SIGHS IN RELIEF.


THEN...


MOVE! GET OUT OF THAT THING'S WAY!

WRUUNGCHH!

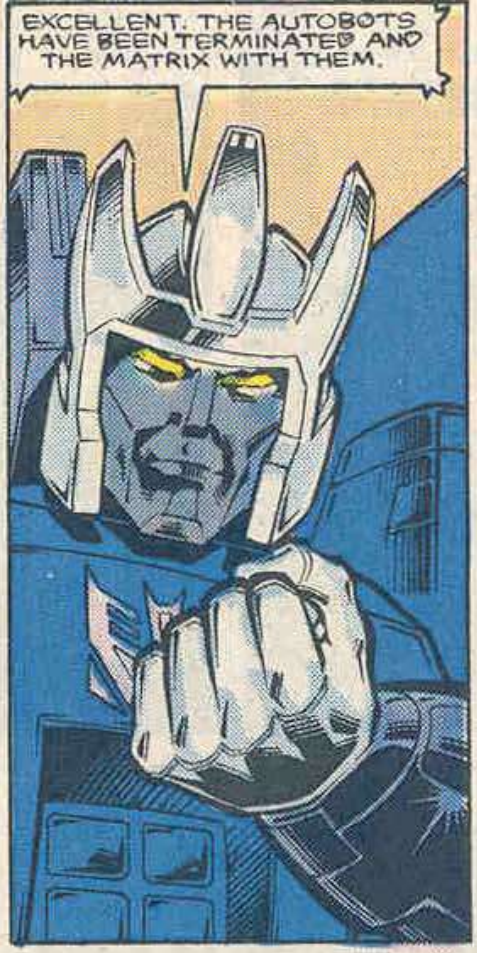

WITH THEIR VESSEL DESTROYED, KLIP, HOT ROD, THE DINOBOTS AND THE REST FALL HELPLESSLY TOWARD THE SURFACE OF THE GIANT PLANET.

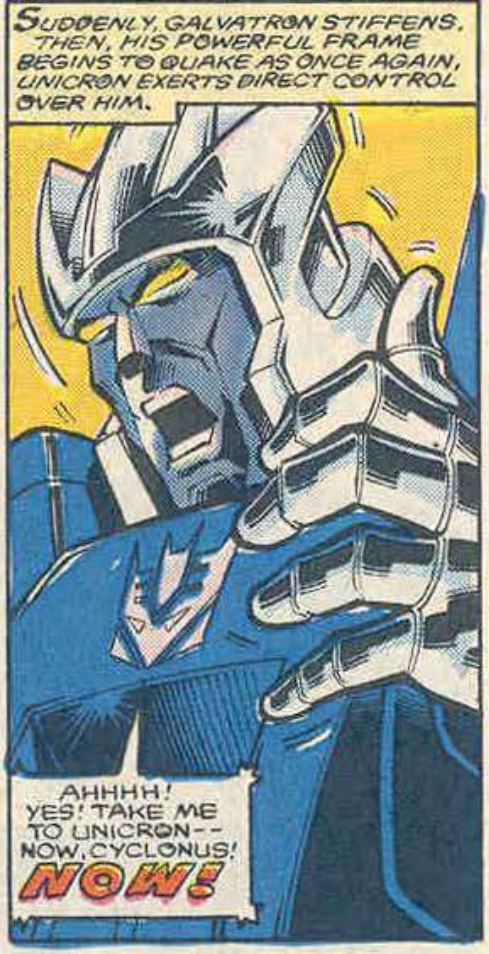
ELSEWHERE, INSIDE ULTRA MAGNUS'S SHUTTLE...
KLIP AND HOT ROD JUST BOUGHT IT.
I CAN'T DEAL WITH THAT NOW.
FACE IT, THE DECEPTICONS'RE GONNA DOG US UNTIL THEY SEE US DEAD.
I KNOW THAT, SPRINGER, AND THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT THEY'LL SEE... OUR DEATHS. PREPARE FOR EMERGENCY SEPARATION.

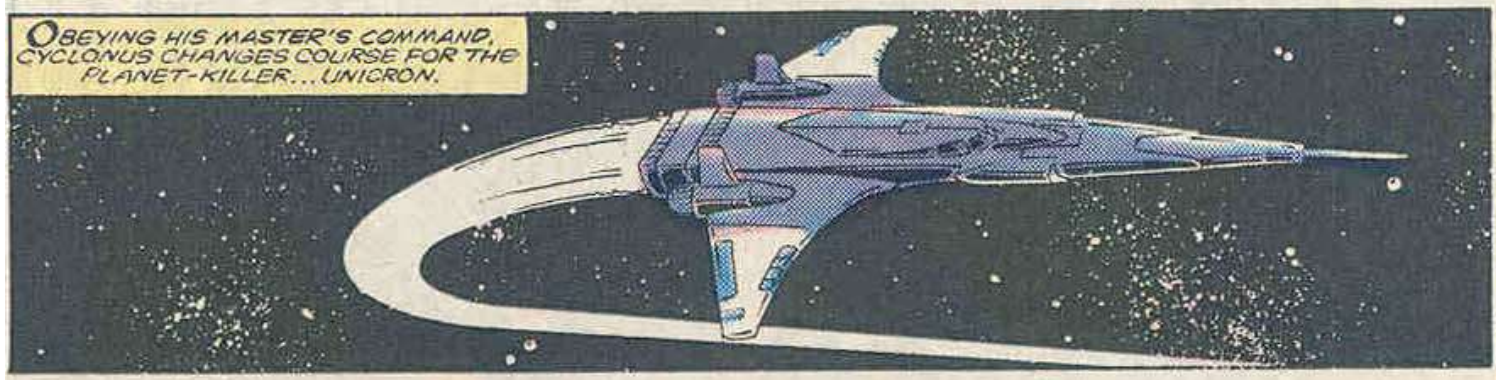
MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE PURSUING CRAFT OF THE EVIL DECEPTICONS, LEADER GALVATRON PREPARES TO FIRE MORE MOLECULON MISSILES.

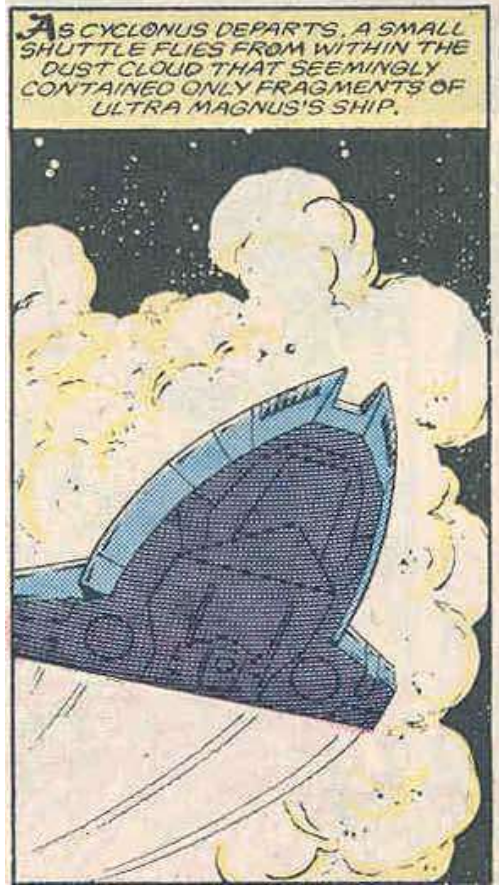
MOVING ALMOST FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, THE MISSILES REACH THEIR TARGET IN MOMENTS.
SKKKRROOMM!
SKROOMM!
SKKRROOMM!

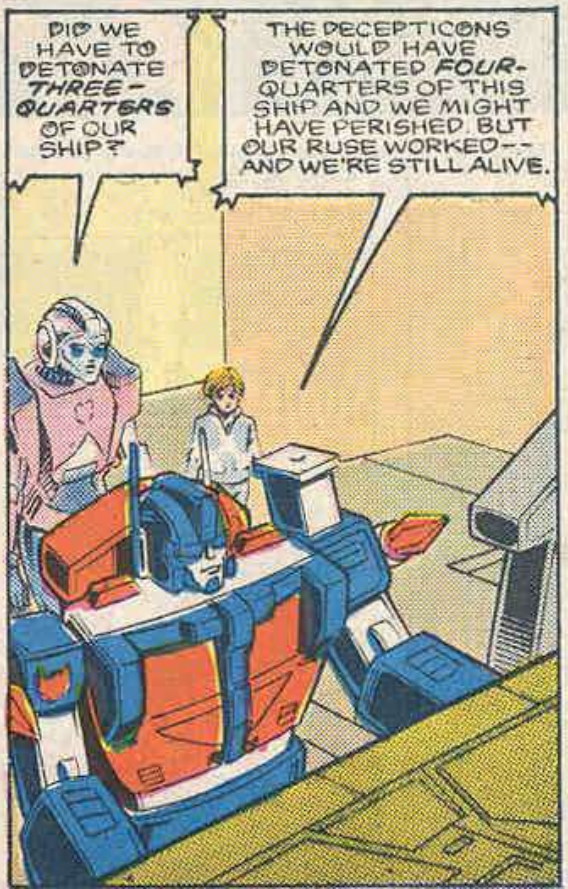
BAARROOOMMM!


EXCELLENT. THE AUTOBOTS HAVE BEEN TERMINATED AND THE MATRIX WITH THEM.


SUDDENLY, GALVATRON STIFFENS. THEN, HIS POWERFUL FRAME BEGINS TO QUAKE AS ONCE AGAIN, UNICRON EXERTS DIRECT CONTROL OVER HIM.
AHHHH! YES! TAKE ME TO UNICRON-- NOW, CYCLONUS! NOW!


OBEYING HIS MASTER'S COMMAND, CYCLONUS CHANGES COURSE FOR THE PLANET-KILLER... UNICRON.


AS CYCLONUS DEPARTS, A SMALL SHUTTLE FLIES FROM WITHIN THE DUST CLOUD THAT SEEMINGLY CONTAINED ONLY FRAGMENTS OF ULTRA MAGNUS'S SHIP.


DID WE HAVE TO DETONATE THREE-QUARTERS OF OUR SHIP?
THE DECEPTICONS WOULD HAVE DETONATED FOUR-QUARTERS OF THIS SHIP AND WE MIGHT HAVE PERISHED. BUT OUR RUSE WORKED-- AND WE'RE STILL ALIVE.

THE STRAIN OF THE RECENT EXPLOSIVE SEPARATION SEEMS TOO MUCH FOR THE SMALL CRAFT AND IT BEGINS TO LOSE POWER.

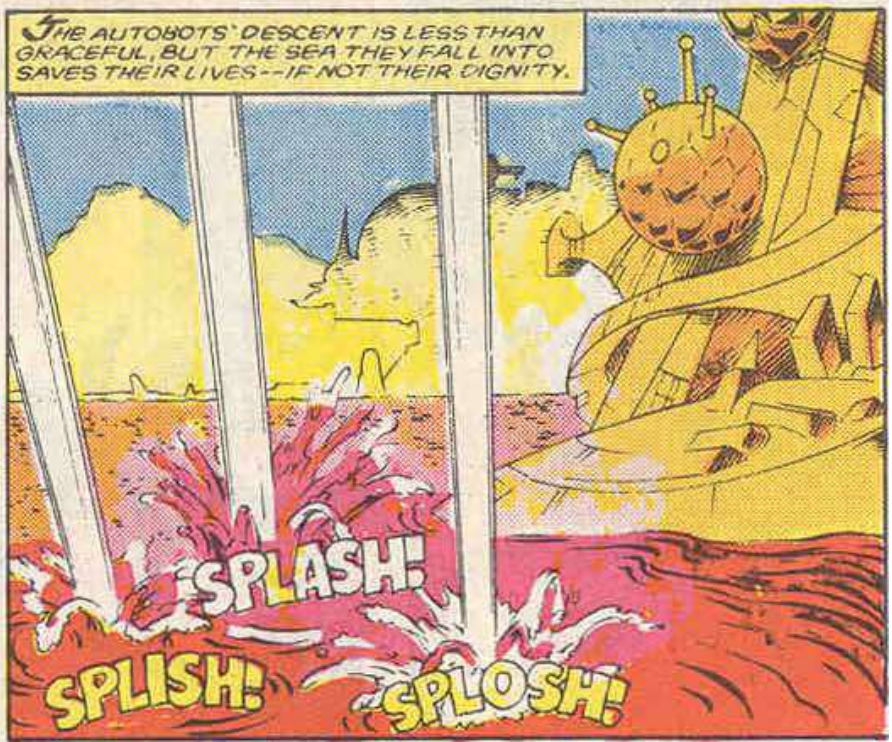
BUT NOW HOW'RE WE GONNA MAKE IT TO MOON BASE TWO?
PERCEPTOR. CAN YOU LOCATE A PLACE TO SET DOWN FOR REPAIRS?
GAMMA WAVES IN THIS SECTOR OF SPACE CREATE MARGINAL NAVIGATIONAL PROBABILITIES. HOWEVER...

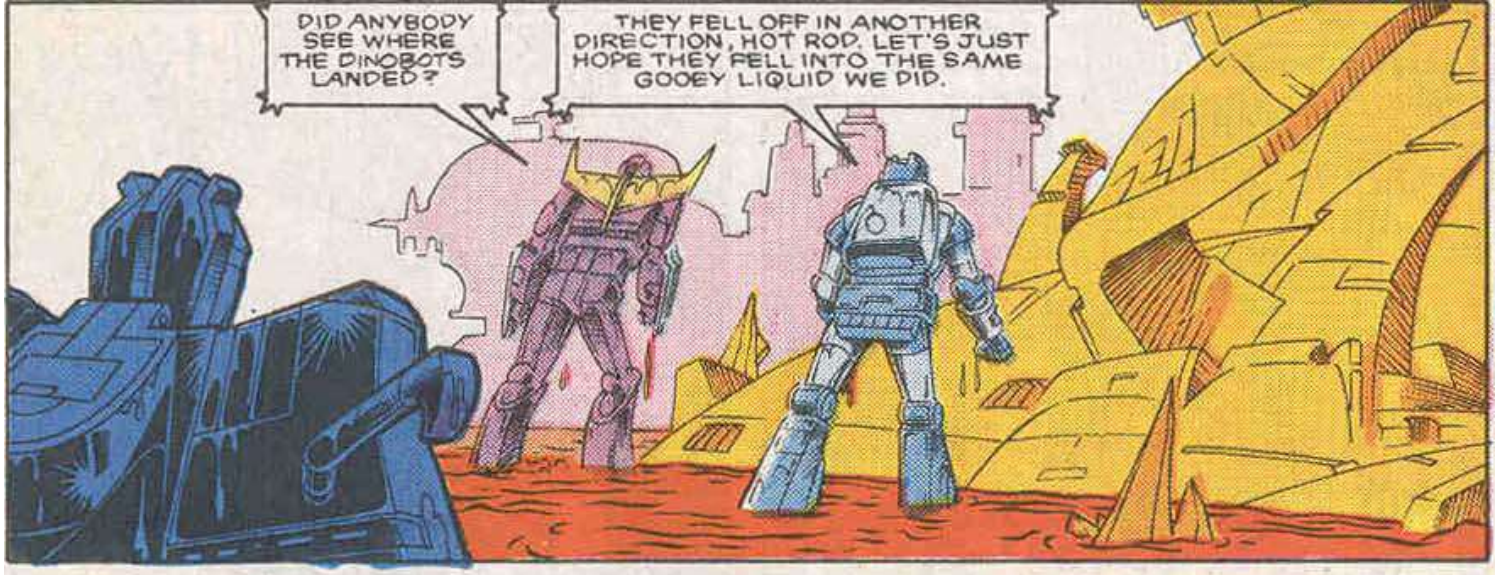
WHY DID I ASK? WHY? WHY?
IN LANGUAGE WE CAN UNDERSTAND, PERCEPTOR.
AHEM... YES I THINK I CAN.

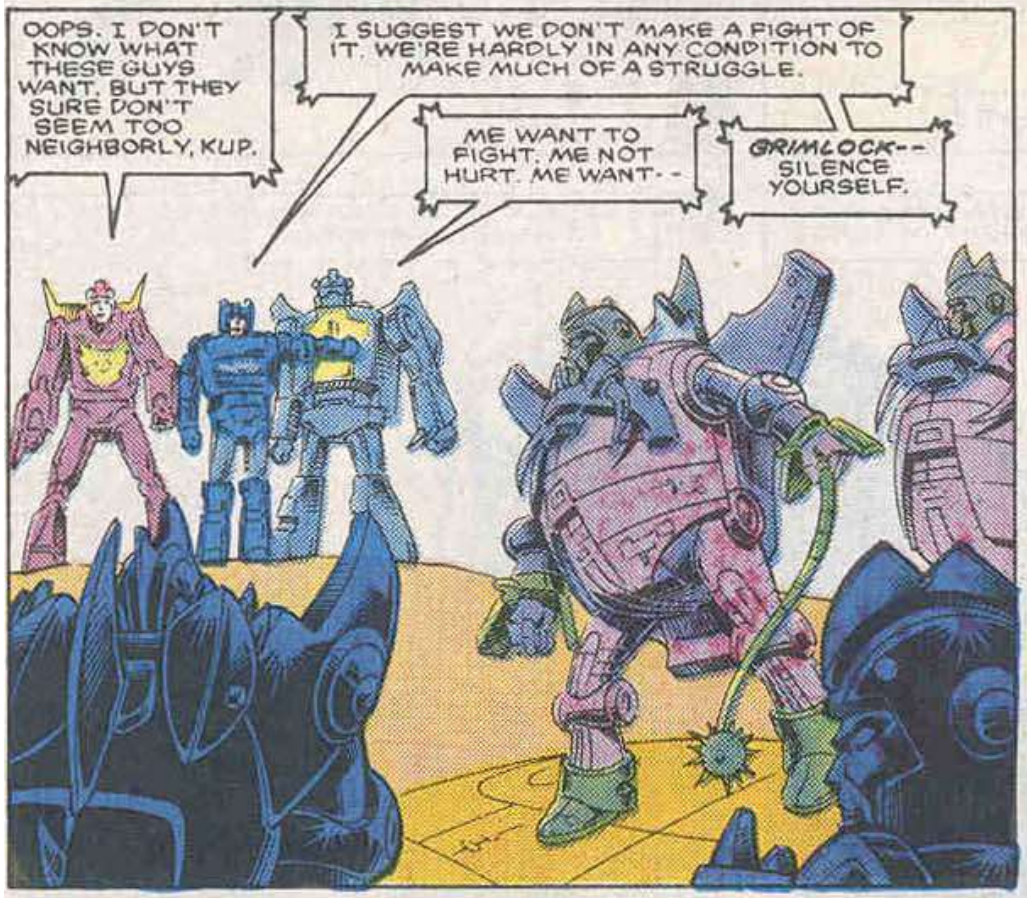
THE SCHOLARLY PERCEPTOR GIVES COORDINATES TO A PLANET NEARBY, AND THE SMALL SHUTTLE LIMPS TOWARD IT.

ELSEWHERE, AUTOBOTS HOT ROD, KUP, GRIMLOCK AND THE OTHER DINOBOTS ARE FALLING UNDER GRAVITY'S PULL, TO THE PLANET QUINTESSON.

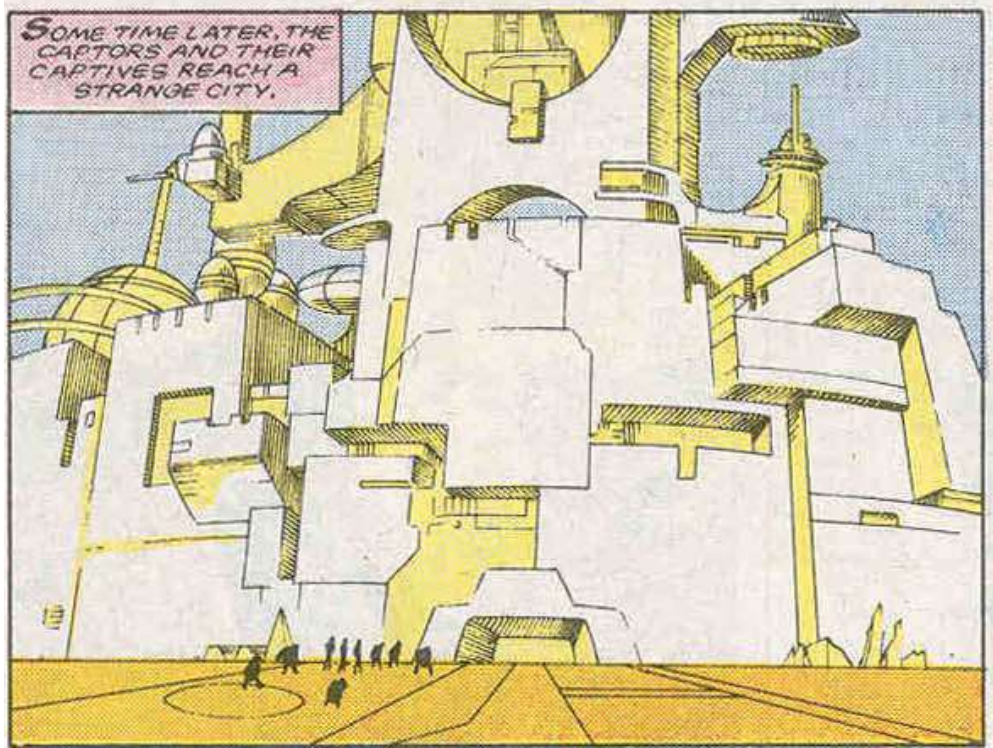
GRIMLOCK TRANSFORMS TO ROBOT MODE AS HE PLUMMETS.


THE AUTOBOTS' DESCENT IS LESS THAN GRACEFUL, BUT THE SEA THEY FALL INTO SAVES THEIR LIVES--IF NOT THEIR DIGNITY.
SPLASH!
SPLISH!
SPLOSH!

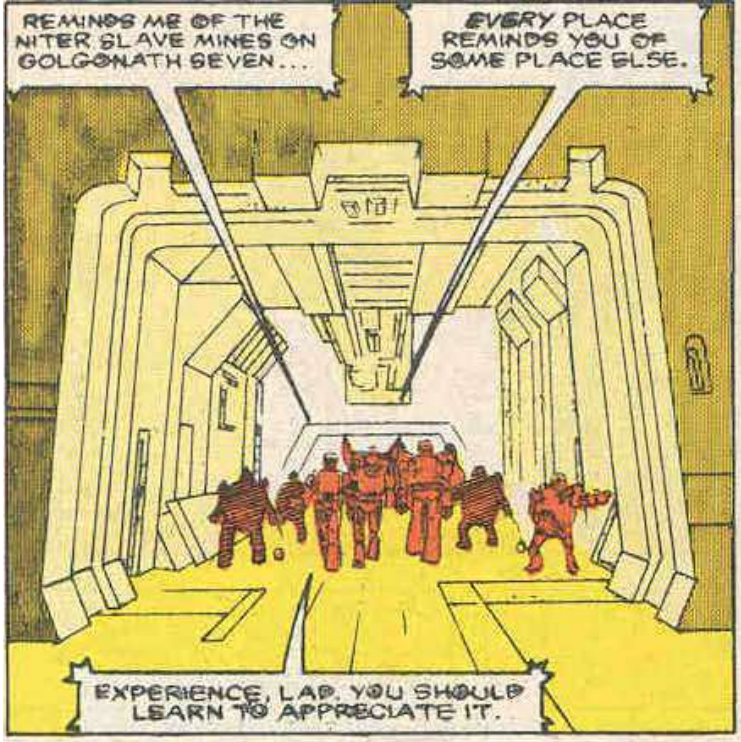

DID ANYBODY SEE WHERE THE DINOBOTS LANDED?
THEY FELL OFF IN ANOTHER DIRECTION, HOT ROD. LET'S JUST HOPE THEY FELL INTO THE SAME GOOEY LIQUID WE DID.


OOPS. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THESE GUYS WANT, BUT THEY SURE DON'T SEEM TOO NEIGHBORLY, KUP.
I SUGGEST WE DON'T MAKE A FIGHT OF IT. WE'RE HARDLY IN ANY CONDITION TO MAKE MUCH OF A STRUGGLE.
ME WANT TO FIGHT. ME NOT HURT. ME WANT--
GRIMLOCK-- SILENCE YOURSELF.

THE STRANGE CREATURES HUSTLE THE EXHAUSTED AUTOBOTS AWAY. ATTEMPTING TO CONSERVE STRENGTH, THEIR CAPTIVES OFFER NO RESISTANCE.
LET'S JUST PLAY SAFE AND SEE WHERE THEY TAKE US.


SOME TIME LATER, THE CAPTORS AND THEIR CAPTIVES REACH A STRANGE CITY.

THEIR PROGRESS IS WATCHED BY MANY EYES, NONE OF THEM FRIENDLY.


REMINDS ME OF THE NITER SLAVE MINES ON GOLGONATH SEVEN...
EVERY PLACE REMINDS YOU OF SOME PLACE ELSE.
EXPERIENCE, LAP. YOU SHOULD LEARN TO APPRECIATE IT.

A LOT OF GOOD IT'S DONE US SO FAR. WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
A CELL OF SOME SORT, I THINK.

YES. DEFINITELY A CELL.
BUT WHY HAVE THEY BROUGHT US HERE?

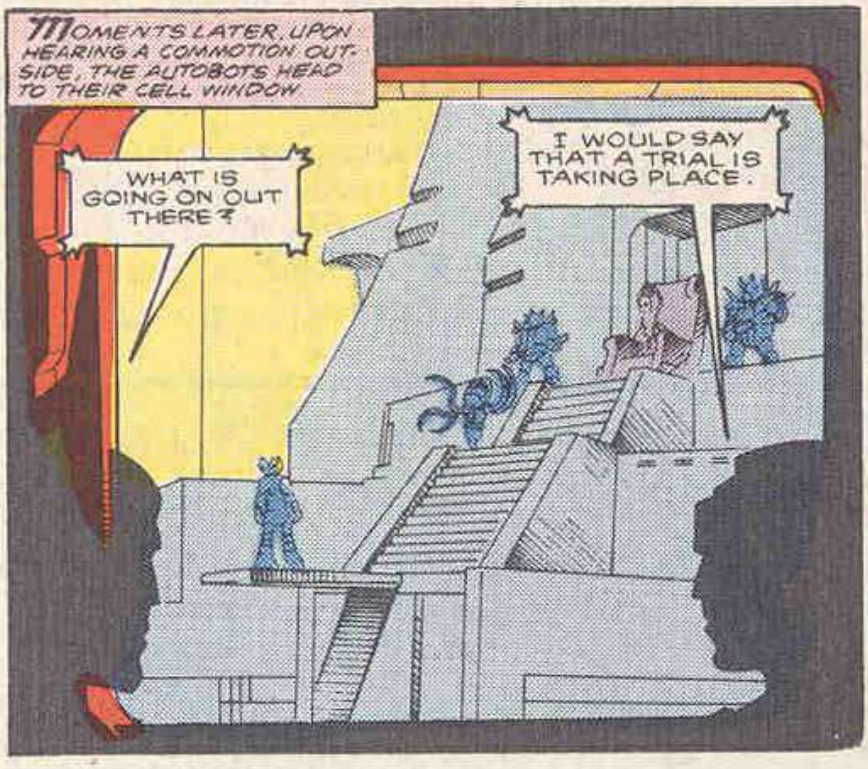
I BELIEVE I CAN HELP YOU. MY NAME IS KRANIX.

THIS IS THE WORLD OF THE SAVAGE SHARKTICONS, WHO BROUGHT YOU HERE, AND THEIR CRUEL MASTERS, THE QUINTESSONS -- FOR WHOM THIS PLANET IS NAMED.
THEY HUNT DOWN THOSE WHO TRY TO ESCAPE THE WRATH OF UNICRON. GUILTY OR INNOCENT, THE SENTENCE IS ALWAYS THE SAME -- DEATH!
UNICRON? WHO'S UNICRON?

IT'S A PLANET SIX TIMES THE SIZE OF THIS ONE THAT ABSORBS EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH. IT CONSUMED MY WORLD ONLY DAYS AGO.*
UNICRON! SO THAT'S THE MONSTER'S NAME.
I WONDER IF THERE'S ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN IT AND GALVATRON.
* SEE THE FIRST ISSUE OF TRANSFORMERS: THE MOVIE -- BOB

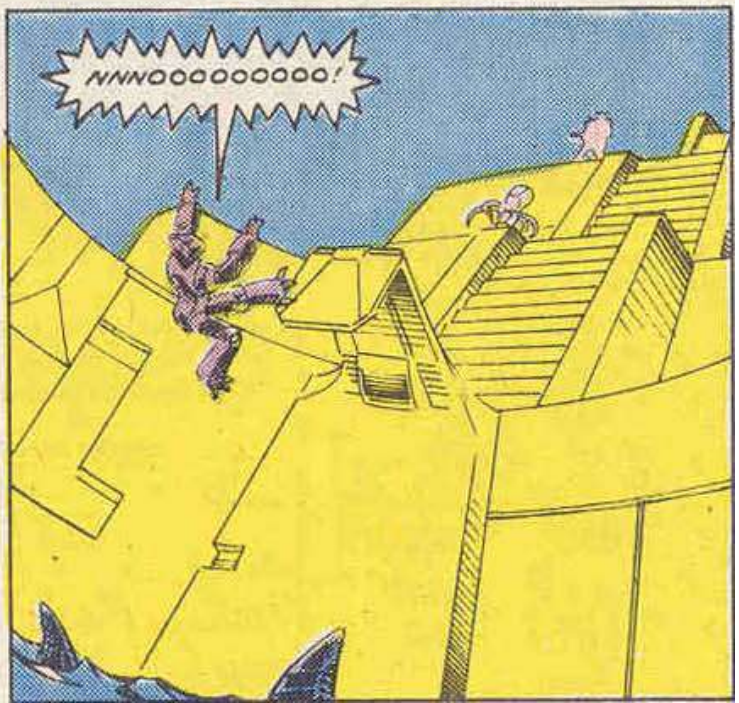
THAT'S HIM! HE'S THE ONE WE WANT!

NO, PLEASE! I'M THE LAST SURVIVOR OF LITHONE!
LET HIM GO!
SOON, YOU TOO, SHALL RECEIVE YOUR SENTENCE.


MOMENTS LATER, UPON HEARING A COMMOTION OUTSIDE, THE AUTOBOTS HEAD TO THEIR CELL WINDOW
WHAT IS GOING ON OUT THERE?
I WOULD SAY THAT A TRIAL IS TAKING PLACE.

JURY, HAVE YOU REACHED A VERDICT?

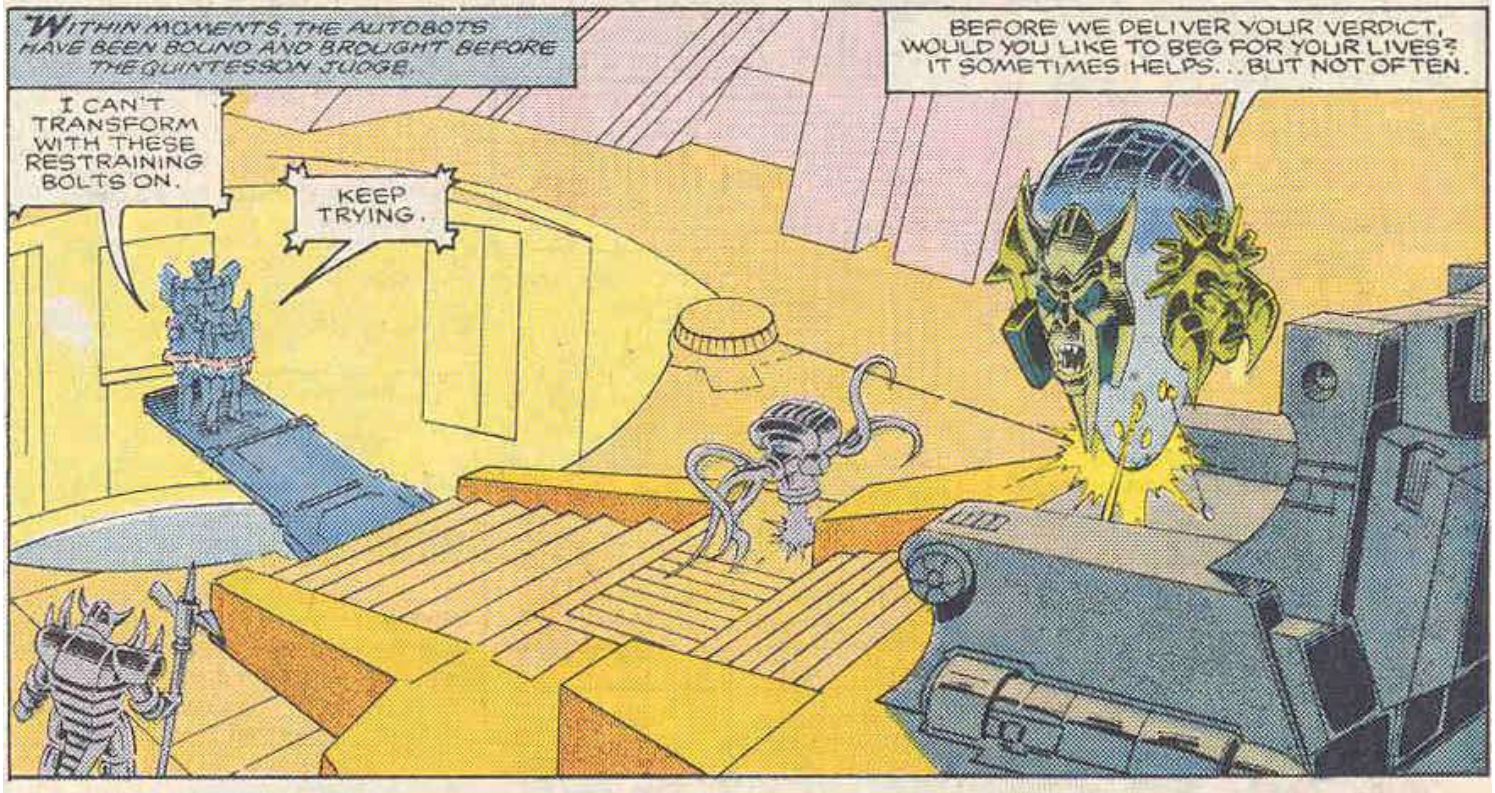
I REPEAT--HAS A VERDICT BEEN REACHED?
WE FIND THE DEFENDANT INNOCENT.


NNNOOOOOOOOO!

PLEEEEASE! NOOOOOOOO! NNOOOOOOOO!

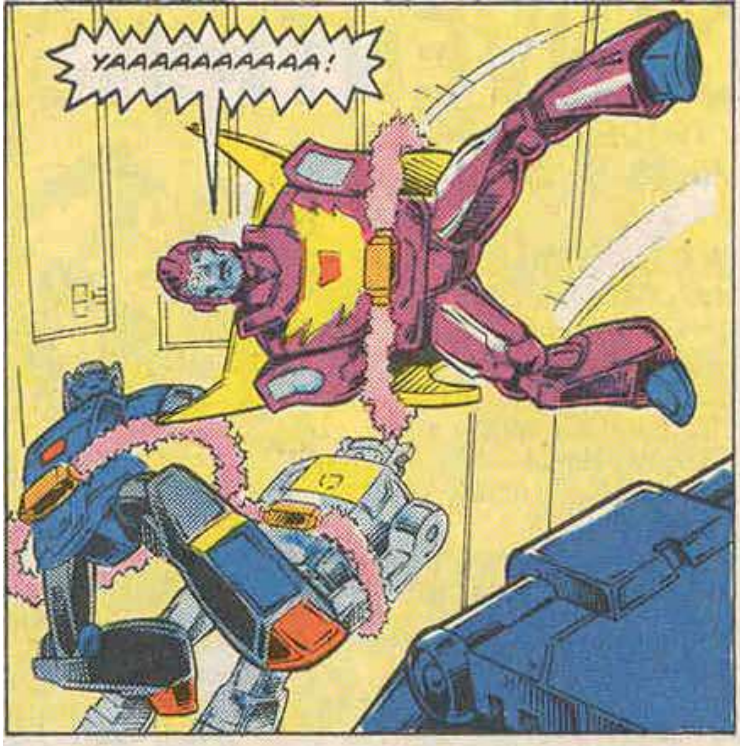
NOT THE END I'D WISH FOR, LAD.

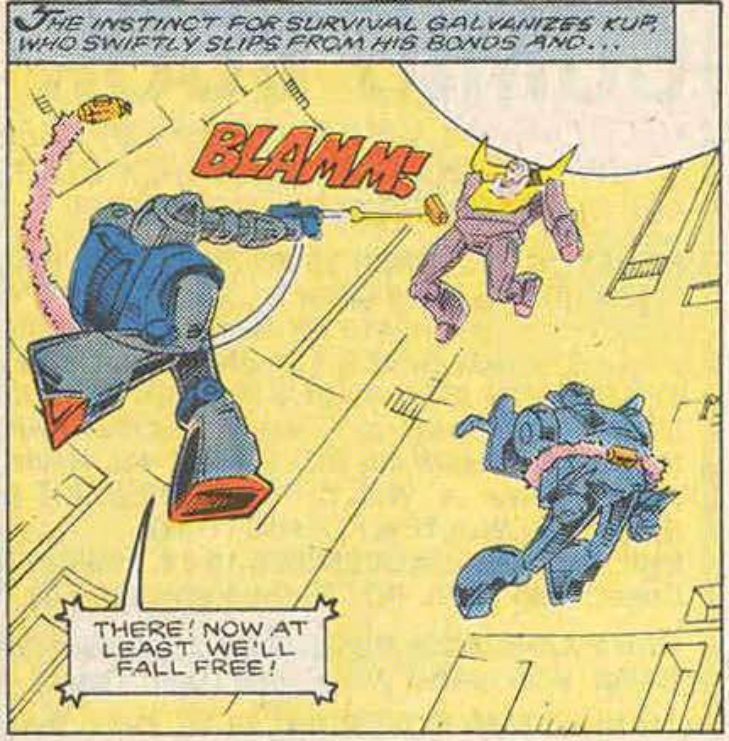
TAKE THEM! THE SHARKTICONS NEED MORE THAN A SINGLE MORSEL TO FILL THEIR BELLIES.
NO WAY, YOU MISERABLE--
NO, HOT ROD, WE'RE STILL NOT UP TO FULL STRENGTH, AND WE'RE VASTLY OUTNUMBERED. NOT NOW.


WITHIN MOMENTS, THE AUTOBOTS HAVE BEEN BOUND AND BROUGHT BEFORE THE QUINTESSON JUDGE.
I CAN'T TRANSFORM WITH THESE RESTRAINING BOLTS ON.
KEEP TRYING.
BEFORE WE DELIVER YOUR VERDICT, WOULD YOU LIKE TO BEG FOR YOUR LIVES? IT SOMETIMES HELPS...BUT NOT OFTEN.

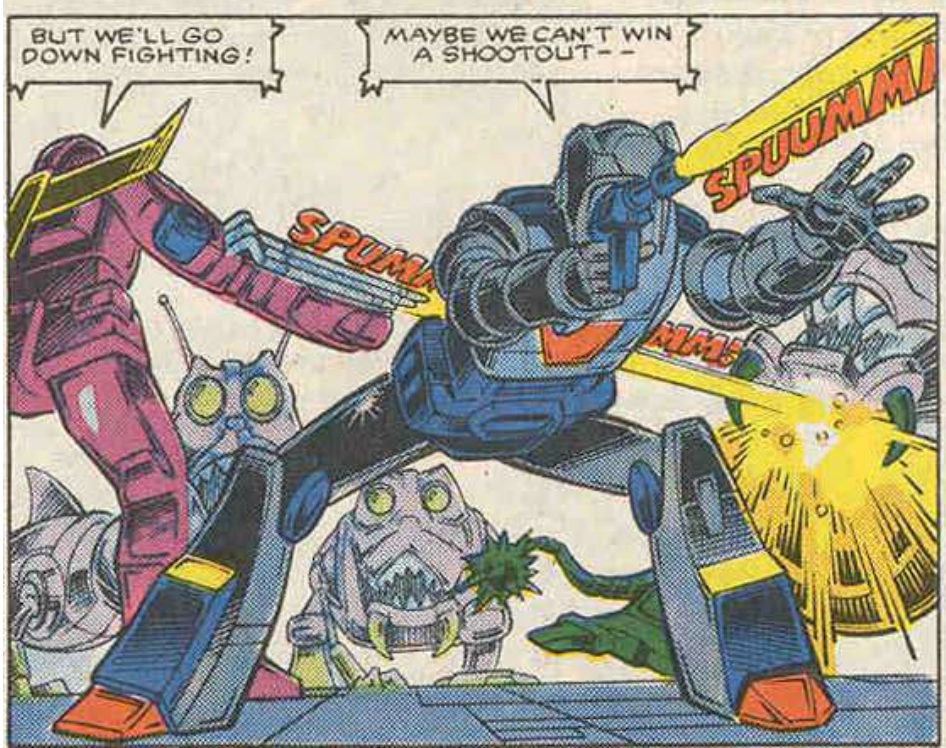
I HAVE NOTHING BUT CONTEMPT FOR THIS COURT.

THEN THE VERDICT IS INNOCENT. DEATH!


YAAAAAAAAAAA!


THE INSTINCT FOR SURVIVAL GALVANIZES KUP, WHO SWIFTLY SLIPS FROM HIS BONDS AND...
BLAMM!
THERE! NOW AT LEAST WE'LL FALL FREE!

DON'T WORRY, GRIMLOCK--I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN YOU!
THEY'VE GOT MORE SHARKTICONS THAN WE'VE GOT PHOTON CHARGES!
BZAP


BUT WE'LL GO DOWN FIGHTING!
MAYBE WE CAN'T WIN A SHOOTOUT--
SPUUMMM
SPUMM
MMM

...BUT HOW ABOUT A DEMOLITION DERBY?
NOT A BAD IDEA. I'LL JOIN YOU ON THE RACEWAY.
ME WANT TO RACE, TOO!

WITH INCREDIBLE SKILL, THE AMAZING AUTOBOTS CUT A SWATH OF DEVASTATION AMONG THE DEADLY SHARKTICONS.

SHUNNKXXX!

SPAKKKKKK!

DIDN'T EVEN BEND A FENDER.

YEAH, BUT LOOK. THERE ARE A LOT MORE OF THOSE CAM-DIGGIN' GRILL-CRACKIN' THINGS COMING OUT OF THE WOODWORK.

WE CAN'T HOLD OUT FOREVER, BUT WE CAN GIVE THEM ONE WHOPPER OF A REPAIR BILL.

LOOK, ME SEE DINOBOT BROTHERS!

WOW! ARE YOU GUYS A SIGHT FOR SORE AUTOBOT VISUAL SENSORS! BUT WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

AFTER THE SHUTTLE BROKE APART, WE FELL NOT TOO FAR AWAY FROM WHERE YOU DID, IN THE SAME MUCK. WE SAW THE SHARKTICONS COME AND TAKE YOU AWAY AND WE FOLLOWED, OUT OF SIGHT.

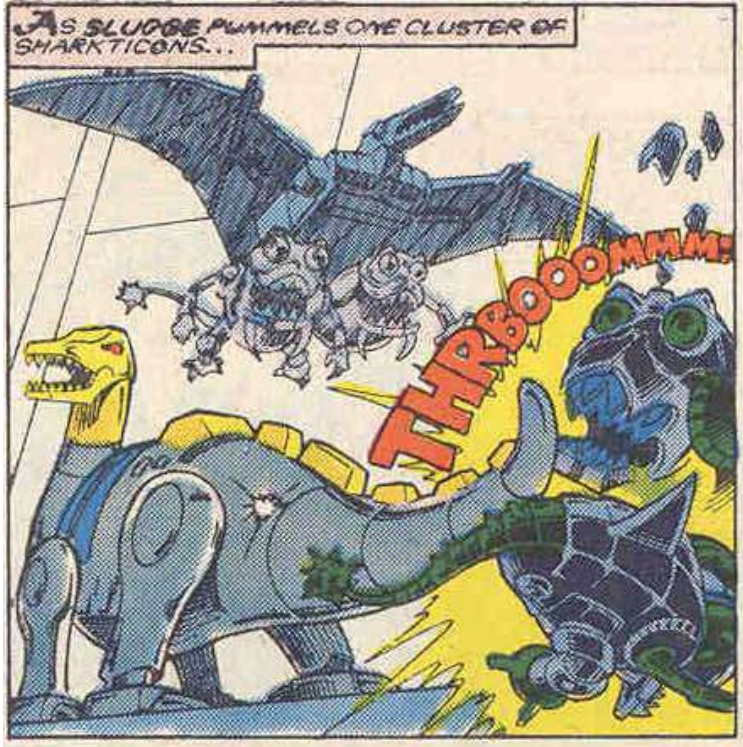
GOOD THINKING, *SLUDGE*.

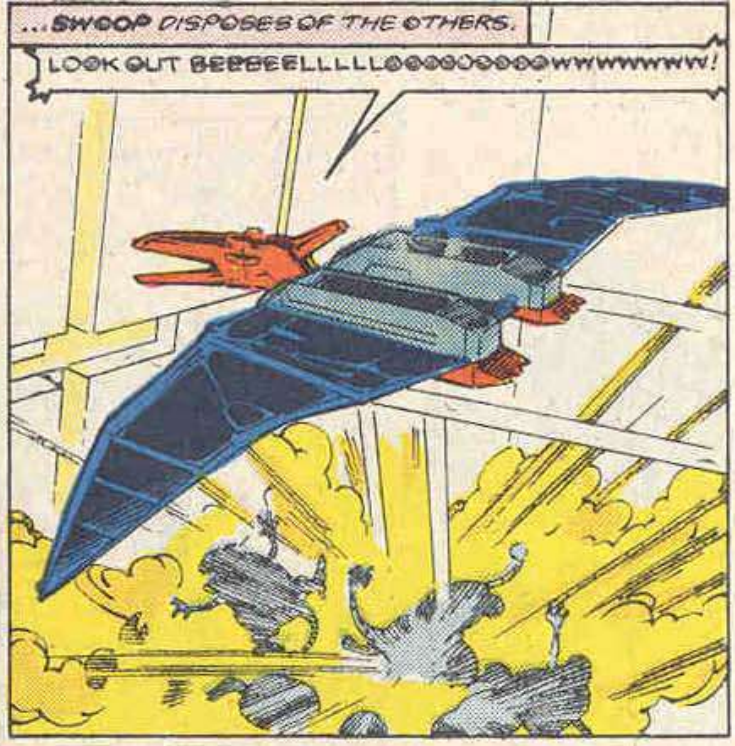
WE DIDN'T WANT TO MAKE A MOVE UNTIL WE KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON. BUT WE JUST COULDN'T WAIT AND SEE YOU KILLED. NOTHING IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE LIFE OF AN AUTOBOT. AND NOW THAT WE'RE TOGETHER, WE'LL WIN HERE AND THEN RETAKE CYBERTRON!

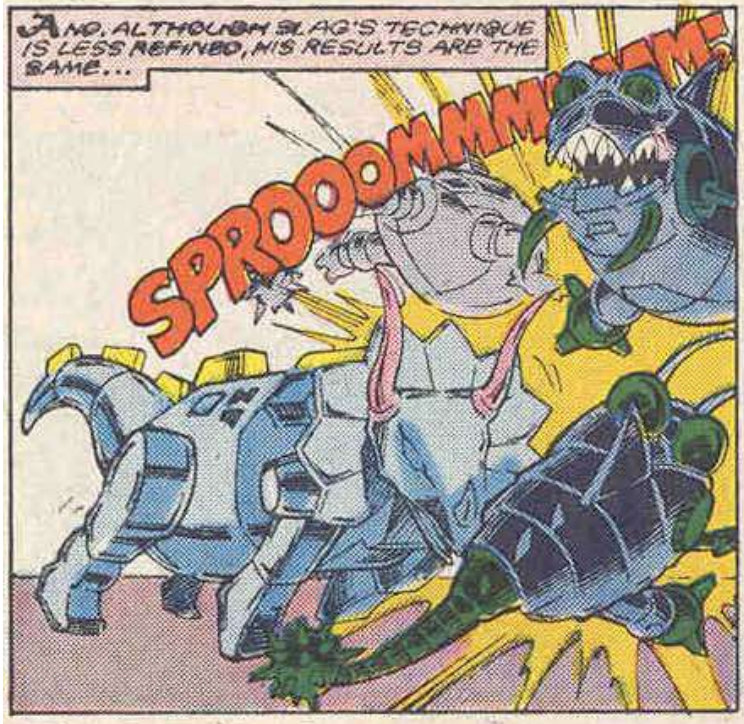
THE DINOBOTS TRANSFORM BACK TO THEIR DINOSAUR MODES.

ME, GRIMLOCK. . .

. . . WANT TO MUNCH METAL!


AS SLUDGE PLUMMELS ONE CLUSTER OF SHARKTICONS...
THRBOOOMMMM!


...SWOOP DISPOSES OF THE OTHERS.
LOOK OUT BEEEEELLLLLOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWW!


AND, ALTHOUGH SLAG'S TECHNIQUE IS LESS REFINED, HIS RESULTS ARE THE SAME...
SPRDOOMMMM!

YOU TRY TO FRIGHTEN GRIMLOCK. HA HA. ME NOT SCARE EASILY.

GGGRRRRR! ME GOT BIGGER TEETH THAN YOU! ME SCARE YOU AWAY. HA. ME GRIMLOCK NO BOZO. ME KING!

THE VICIOUS SHARKTICONS ARE DEFEATED. THEY BOW TO THEIR CONQUERORS, THE DINOBOTS... THEIR NEW MASTERS.
ME GRIMLOCK SAY EXECUTE THEM QUINTESSONS! NOW!

UNDER ORDERS FROM GRIMLOCK, THE HORDE OF SHARKTICONS MOVES LIKE AN IRRESISTIBLE WAVE TOWARD THEIR FORMER RULERS.

I THINK PROBLEMS ON THIS PLANET WILL BE SOLVED VERY SHORTLY.

BUT HOW ABOUT *OUR* PROBLEMS? WE NEED A SHIP TO GET OFF THIS WORLD BECAUSE OUR SHUTTLE IS *KAPUT*.

YOU GET A SHIP IF I GET A TRIP. MY NAME IS *WHEELIE*... I'VE BEEN HIDING FROM THE QUINTESSONS FOR A LONG TIME. I'VE DISCOVERED A SHIP WE CAN USE TO LEAVE THIS PLANET.

WELL, LITTLE FELLA... YOU'RE ON. AND WE'RE OFF!

THE GRATEFUL AUTOBOTS QUICKLY PREPARE FOR DEPARTURE FROM QUINTESSON.

ELSEWHERE, ON THE SECOND MOON OF CYBERTRON, A DESPERATE GAMBLE IS UNDERTAKEN BY THE AUTOBOT, BUMBLEBEE, AND HIS HUMAN ALLY, SPIKE, AS THE AWESOME UNICRON APPROACHES.

IF THIS DOESN'T DO IT, NOTHING WILL. THIS WHOLE STOCKPILE OF WEAPONRY IS RIGGED TO EXPLODE RIGHT IN UNICRON'S UGLY FACE. I'VE SET THE TIMER FOR TWENTY SECONDS.

LET'S GET TO THE SHIP AND GET OUT OF HERE!

WITH SECONDS TO SPARE, THE COURAGEOUS AUTOBOTS REACH THEIR SMALL CRAFT.

AS THE AUTOBOT SHIP SEEKS THE SAFETY OF SPACE, THE ALL-DEVOURING MIST OF UNICRON COVERS THE PLANET.

AND THEN, AS UNICRON BEGINS TO CONSUME THE MOON...

BUH-ROOOMMM!

THAT'S ONE MEAL OL' UNICRON ISN'T GOING TO FORGET! THERE CAN'T BE MUCH LEFT OF IT AFTER THAT EXPLOSION.

THE MIST'S STARTING TO CLEAR. LET'S LOOK.

SPIKE!

IT ISN'T EVEN DENTED! WE FAILED-- COMPLETELY!

IT'S DEVOURING THE MOON AS IF NOTHING HAD HAPPENED! THERE MAY BE NO FORCE IN THE WHOLE UNIVERSE CAPABLE OF STOPPING IT!

BUMBLEBEE! UNICRON'S SUCKING IN ALL THE SPACE DEBRIS INCLUDING US! I-I'VE GOT THE SHIP'S THRUSTERS ON FULL BUT IT'S DOING NOTHING! NOTHING!

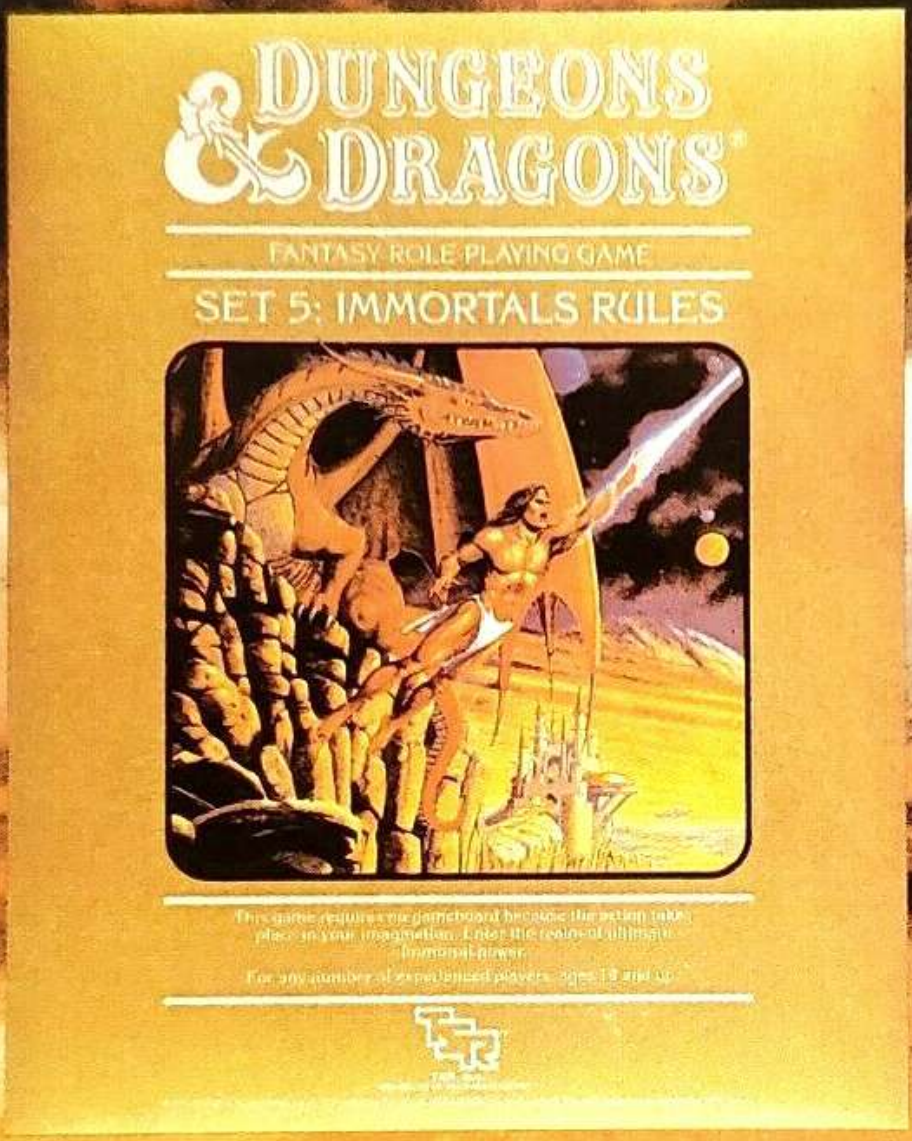
IT'S TOO LATE FOR ANYTHING, SPIKE. WE'RE DEAD! WE'RE DEEEEEEAAAAAAD...

SOON THE CONSUMPTION OF THE MOON IS COMPLETE, AND THE STILL RAVENOUS MONSTER TURNS ITS ATTENTION-- TO CYBERTRON ITSELF!

NEXT: THE STARTLING CONCLUSION AS THE AUTOBOTS ENGAGE IN FINAL BATTLE WITH THE EVIL DECEPTICONS... AND THE GREATEST MENACE OF ALL--

UNICRON!

ATTENTION MERE MORTALS:



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